A FATHER AS HE SHOULD BE.

A NOVEL.

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A
Father as he should be.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. HOFLAND,

AUTHOR OF

SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW, VISIT TO LONDON, PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE, &c. &c.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must be not only equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind: not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both. Friendship composed of esteem and love, derives from one its tenderness, and its permanence from the other. Marriage is the most perfect union of friendship. *Rambler.*

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A FATHER AS HE SHOULD BE.



CHAP. I.

AS Sefton pursued his way in the circuitous path we have mentioned, it became necessary for him to pass a thicket, ... the low shrubs and brushwood grew ..., as completely to hide any person ... chose to go out of the path. Stepping ...ghtly along, his foot was not heard by two persons, whose figures, although indistinct and obscured, conveyed the sense that ...mebody was there, rather to the ear than the sight. Edward's mind was too fully employed to think, much less to attend to them; but a voice struck his ear of too much moment to him for its accents to

be forgotten; the words that were uttered distinctly were pronounced by his father, as if remonstrating with some one.

"But I tell you, my dear, that I have now resolved *not* to implicate my son. I have very strong reasons, you may be sure."

The reply was given in so low a voice, that it was impossible to distinguish more than that it was female. Edward, ashamed that for even the twinkling of an eye he had listened, ran forward with increased speed, and on entering the pleasure-ground of his own home, saw with astonishment his mother and sisters coming towards him.

"My *dear!* my *dear!*" repeated Edward to himself, "who could my father thus address?" An ice-bolt shot through his heart, while the blood rushed impetuously to his face, and his confusion was such that lady Welbrooke whispered Emma "to take her sisters home, as she was certain Edward would be easiest alone with her."

Lady Welbrooke took her son's arm without noticing his abstraction, till it had betrayed itself so palpably, that he felt she had

a right to be informed of the cause, and he then was relieved from the idea that the cause was twofold; and he began to speak of his visit, and from thence advert to Louisa, in a manner that enabled the mother kindly to interpret all he would say.

"It is very natural that you should admire a girl so very lovely, Edward, and that you should love one so very amiable, but I wish you exceedingly to guard your heart against the impression, as far as it is possible. It grieves me to crush your hopes of happiness in this way, but alas—"

"My dear mother, we are both very young; but what else do you foresee? My father could not form even a shadow of objection."

"But *her* father could, and that too a very rational one."

"Oh no! he is too just to visit his lordship's sins on me; besides, he knows them not, and—"

"Hush, Edward, remember this is forbidden ground; but, my love, sir Francis's

daughter is his heiress; he has a right to expect a splendid establishment for her."

"Dear mother, he is the most reasonable, in fact, the very best of men! His own marriage, I have been told, was purely a love-match; and Henry has always assured me that he is as liberal in his opinions, as generous in his conduct, as—"

"As a *prudent* man can be, say, Edward; for that, you may depend upon it, he is. But, putting him aside, have you any hopes of his daughter's affections?"

"I have never told my love, and Louisa is not the girl who would hold out hope as a lure, you know."

"Nor is she the girl who ought to be married, or indeed would marry, without a decided preference; she has a fine understanding, and doubtless has derived every solid advantage from education, for her mother has been her preceptress, therefore we do not expect her to marry without motive or affection. Blest as she is with the most amiable connections, and in possession of all that a well-regulated mind

can desire, she will not leave her pleasant home for a man who is indifferent to her, a situation which can offer no increase of happiness; the motives which naturally, and even properly influence numbers of her sex, cannot actuate her, you know."

"So much the more honour and happiness does she confer by her choice."

"If she were like your mother, Edward, she would choose you, and in doing it, secure her own happiness; but, my dear son, do not suffer this affair to gain too great an ascendancy, till we have seen a little farther. If I am condemned to see you the victim of an hopeless passion, your best days wasted, your brightest hopes obscured, I shall be—oh, much more wretched than I have ever been!"

"But be assured you never shall, my mother. Do not allow yourself to believe that the being you have reared to manhood, by a tenderness and virtue all your own, will disgrace the hand that reared him! No; though she clung closer to my heart than—"

At this moment lord Welbrooke over-took them, and as he passed, casting a look of scorn at both, a look which his visitants could not have believed had ever warped his features, and which even a servant would have prevented his assuming, had he been a stranger, his lordship said, "Pray, my lady, have the goodness to spare your pet for a few minutes; I am sorry to interrupt your *tête-à tête*, especially as it seems to be a tender confession, but I think your creed prescribes obedience to fathers *sometimes*."

"At *all* times, my lord," replied the wife, calmly, as she withdrew the arm which detained her son.

They were now near the house, which they entered, and his lordship took the way to the library. On taking seats there, the father, in the stern tone with which he generally addressed his son, said—"I am not, Mr. Sefton, in the habit of prying into your secrets, but as I was under a necessity of hearing some of your words to your

mother, I should be glad to know what it was that clung to your heart so closely?"

"A—a—a passion, I believe I ought to say a mere propensity—a—a—a degree of admiration due to superior——"

"Superior nonsense! a *penchant* for your bedmaker's daughter, I suppose, which mamma tells you must not be naughtily indulged. Well, my pretty dear, I'll be better than mamma this time; I'll give the darling a very *very* pretty toy. What say you, Ned, to a wife?"

"A wife, my lord! Your lordship has been accustomed to say a great deal against early marriages, and I must own that——"

"You have a great respect for my judgment, hey? Well, sir – then, sir, know, as Richard says, that when I said I would not have ye marry, I said *true;* but know when I say that I will have ye marry, I say true likewise. There was a time when your marriage might have been inconvenient to me, but it appears at present highly eligible."

"I apprehend, my lord, that in a concern

of so much importance, a man should have time to consider, and the power of weighing the good and evil before him."

"True, philosopher; but as you are not yet arrived at the full complement of that time ycleped years of discretion, I have pondered on that for you, and I chuse to offer to your obedience, rather than your judgment, my *commands* on this point; in short, I expect, notwithstanding the damsel that is clinging round your heart may maintain her hold on that immaculate fortress, that you will from this time devote yourself to Miss Mowbray. You start; but let me tell you, sir, that a prince of the blood might be proud to win her, and it will be difficult for all the cant of either you or your lady-mother to fasten the charge of tyranny on the father who presents you such a prize."

Astonished, and, for the moment, overwhelmed with joy, Edward answered not, and the viscount believing him affected in a different manner, left the room with all the pride of malignant triumph in his coun-

tenance. In a few moments these sensations subsided, for his heart was as mutable as it was vicious; he stepped out again on the lawn, and met lord Glenfalloch, who was staying with him, and had been taking an evening ride. On dismounting, he gathered an evening primrose, which was now beginning to display its pale foliage to the mild radiance of the evening star. "I always think this is a very pretty flower," said the old nobleman, as he looked at it.

"'Tis far more than pretty, my lord," said the viscount; "'tis the fairest gem of evening, the flower of sentiment, the soul of vegetable beauty. Like maiden modesty, or timid genius, it shrinks from the garish light of day, and reveals its beauties only to the chosen few whose purer taste pursues its sacred haunts, and courts its bashful smile. To me it is very dear, for I think it held a place in my heart ever since I had one."

"How I envy your sensibility! The

power of retaining the fine impressions of early fancy is enjoyed by few. In tramping over this rugged world forty or fifty years, our feet attain the hardness necessary for their journey, yet we remember with something like regret the period when they felt the balm of roses, and shrunk from thorns."

"I never enjoyed, or suffered, more than I do now."

"So I perceive; indeed I have often said you never would be old. I impute it to your intercourse with your family, Welbrooke; children prolong our existence, and even give us our first feelings over again."

Lord Welbrooke felt a slight glow on his cheek, and turned into the house, where his lady was now sitting, whom he addressed with a particular inquiry after her health, and if she had lately seen their dear Edward?

Two days after this, Henry having returned, the family of sir Francis set out for the Highlands, and as lord Welbrooke's

family spent the last day at Sefton, it was agreed that Edward should join them before they left Edinburgh, where sir Francis was desirous of spending some days. He likewise took York in his route, having never happened to be near that ancient city.

The family travelled in a barouche and four, accompanied by led horses, for the advantage of the young people; for Louisa, though by no means liable to sink the softness of her sex by assuming "the cap, the whip, the masculine attire," was yet partial to the healthful exercise offered by a gentle, yet spirited animal, which she rode with grace, and managed with dexterity.

Henry was sorry to leave his young friend behind him; and so was the baronet, for he wished to see more of him, and would not have been sorry to see Louisa partake his wishes. Lord Welbro ke had given a hint of his son's attachment, which, as the reader may suppose, was not ill re-

ceived, though it was replied to by an observation that the parties were, in the baronet's opinion, too young to think of any serious connection, and he therefore must wave the subject at present.

It had constantly appeared to the baronet, in contemplating his daughter's character, that she was precisely the female lord Lyttleton describes as one, "the important business of whose life was love;" and on that account only could he have been led to wish her an early engagement of the heart; for he was by no means a friend to the early marriage of females whose situation in life enabled them to enjoy its comforts, and improve their own minds; at the same time, he frequently observed, that such had been his own happiness in the marriage state, that he regretted many years in his life which were comparatively lost; he justly observed, there was a medium between that period when the unformed mind enters on an engagement, for the duties of which it has neither

powers nor appreciation, and that in which its habits are formed, its affections cooled, and its relish of happiness obtunded.

Our party passed pleasantly along, sometimes amused by the varying country through which they travelled, at others interested by the anecdotes of Henry, and his description of the scenes in which he had been engaged, and which afforded much on which the baronet could comment or ruminate.

Lady Mowbray was happy, but her happiness was of a pensive cast, for she was evidently very thoughtful. This very jaunt had often formed the reveries of days long past, when her heart's first love had, in all the glowing language of patriotic ardour, described the land of his father, and depicted the lofty mountain, the flowery brake, and the wimpling burnie, where he wished some day to guide her willing feet, and reiterate a lover's vows. She now indulged in the supposition that he was conducting a son, so justly his pride and delight, to those beloved haunts,

which he had described as the eyrie of heroes, the bowers of poets, the abode of high souled honour, unstained simplicity, pure piety, and romantic attachment; and as she gazed on the day-dream thus raised by imagination and affection, she forgot the world around her for one still dearer, though reason whispered that it could not be better.

The afternoon of the third day they entered York, and for the first time Louisa, as they approached Micklegate-bar, gave a slight shudder, which indicated disgust; the baronet, smiling, inquired "if she had an intuitive dread of a nunnery, for he believed that building to the right was one?"

Henry gazed towards it with uncommon interest, and interrupted Louisa's answer, by declaring, "that he would rather see the inhabitants of that old house, than all the lakes and mountains in Europe; "not," added he, in a lower voice, "but that I really feel all my original desire for exploring the Highlands, and

forming an acquaintance, to the fortieth cousin, with every Mackenzie they can produce."

"Why do you wish to see nuns so much, Henry? you have just left the land where they abound in perfection; and although not visible in general, yet, from the peculiar situation in which the peninsula is unhappily placed, I should think it probable that the forbidden fruit might have met your eye."

"So it has, sir, in one sense, for I saw several sisters of St. Ursula at Coimbra, and assisted in guarding a party, who were driven to seek refuge in a village near the Guadiana; but they were brown, and most of then old and stupid. These are not what *I* call nuns; by *no* means what I conceive a nun should be."

"Now they are precisely what *I* conceive a nun should be."

"I never connect any idea but that of suffering beauty to a nun."

"And that idea leads you to storming her convent, tearing her thence, and ma-

king; her supremely happy, by presenting her with your adorable self, hey, Harry?"

Henry coloured, and laughed, but still looked after the nunnery; while Louisa replied to her father's inquiry, by saying—"The sight of the bar reminded me of these savage words which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Margaret of Anjou, after the battle of Towton:

> Cut off his head, and stick it on York gates,
> So York shall overlook the town of York;

and the recollection made me shudder. I am very thankful that I was not born in such times, father; the world is certainly better than it was then."

"My dear child, you were born in times quite as dreadful as those of which you speak, but happily not in your own country. The horrors which took place in France, about the time of your birth, were as great as ever disgraced any age or nation; and Harry there could describe to you miseries as acute, offences as cruel, and revenge as bitter and sanguine,

as even those scenes which blot the pages of our history during the wars of the Roses."

"Not among the English; not among our own soldiery, upon my honour, sir."

"I did not speak of *them*; they were not the parties who entered a country for the purpose of offence, nor were they tempted to revenge; I speak of the French as depredators, the Portuguese and Spaniards as avengers; and without any reflection upon either party as a nation, I yet assert, that unhappily innumerable instances occurred, in which their conduct resembled that of ours during the period of which Louisa spoke."

"Undoubtedly; we were Papists *then*, and they are *now*, so 'tis very natural that the same religion should produce the same effects."

"I should rather say the same *absence* of religion; remember France had abolished her religion ere she became regicide France; ere she murdered her priests, she abolished her liturgy."

"True, sir; but she was in full possession of it at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and she retained the spirit of her church even when she had abolished its ritual. 'Twas always a persecuting spirit, a proud, intolerant spirit. Why, sir, at this day, the Spaniards hate the very blessings we bestow, because they receive them from the hands of heretics; I know they do."

"You are too violent, Harry. The ignorant are ever fanatical, ever prejudiced; but you are not to judge of a church by its worst members, nor of the feeling of a country from the random expressions of an undisciplined soldiery. To ignorance we may impute all those gross and terrible crimes, which are hatched in a state of warfare, where a dreadful familiarity with objects of horror prepares the mind for the commission of sins that in a state of peace the parties would shudder to think of; when an ignorant, well-meaning man becomes fanatic and enthusiastic, he may become an incendiary, a rebel, a murderer, if circumstances lead to it, with

amazing celerity; and many a field-preacher who thunders out hell and damnation to a gaping crowd, with perhaps a beneficial effect, would spread fire and faggot, under favourable circumstances, as fiercely as they once burned in Smithfield. It is not the Roman Catholic church, it is the members who have from time to time composed that church, and the total want of rational, and, in fact, religious knowledge, amongst their followers, which has made the desolation and the crimes we speak of. Our journey will furnish us with very decisive proofs that a spirit of persecution is not confined to the church of Rome; I fear we shall be put to the blush for her reformers."

"That may be," said Harry; "but nobody shall ever persuade me to like the Papists. Have I not seen them with my own eyes pray to wooden images, and make mummeries the inhabitants of Otaheite would laugh at? Are not they the ruin of Ireland, the finest country under heaven? and by stigmatizing all other

Christians, don't they keep up a wall of separation that destroys all brotherhood between man and man?"

"Dear Henry, don't speak so loud," said Louisa, observing they were arrived at the Swan.

Henry coloured, and was silent; but he shook his head in token of the warmth and sincerity with which he felt the truth of his assertions, and half muttered his surprise that at this time of day any body could be found to differ from him.

Dinner was hastily dispatched, and the party proceeded to the Minster, where not only all argument, but all spirit of argument, was utterly absorbed in the admiration and sense of sweet sublimity inspired by this unequalled edifice, in which there is a combination of all that can affect the mind and delight the eye—a vastness that commands, a beauty that delights—and where it is possible to descend to particulars, without losing that sense of the sublime inspired by the whole. In silence they trod the cloisters, and surveyed the "fret-

ted roof," rendered more exquisite by the rays of a descending sun, shot through the coloured glass, now beaming with the gay colours of the iris, and now fading into the sombre hues, which add the interest of melancholy to the impressive forms of grandeur.

In this splendid monument of Gothic taste, they lingered till the last rays of daylight were shed, and the pealing organ had concluded the evening service, when they left it with regret, and several times wandered around it, observing with pleasure that it was going through excellent repairs, and that the stone-work, representing trefoil, with which it is covered, was carrying on with at least equal beauty to that of the original composition.

Louisa's heart had been too full, her senses too much entranced, to allow of speech during the time spent in the cathedral; but on withdrawing, she exclaimed, "It was just such a place as this which filled the mind of David, when he declared that he would build a house for the Lord to

dwell in; for never did mortal mind conceive, or mortal hand execute, a work so meet for receiving the divine presence."

"It certainly gives us a very superior idea of its first founders," replied the baronet; "we cannot class them with the ignorant, the contracted, or the unenlightened."

Henry shook his head, but he would not trust himself on the subject again; besides, he had got a scheme in that head, and fearful that it would be ridiculed as a schoolboy's trick, he determined not to divulge it. The family separated early, intending to leave York soon in the morning, but not before they should have visited the fine ruins of the Abbey, and seen the Castle.

CHAP. II.

The sun had scarcely risen, when Henry jumped out of bed, and being not yet able to dress himself, summoned his servant, who quickly performed all the service he required, and opened him the door for a stroll round this ancient city. The morning was delightful, but not a single creature appeared in the humour to enjoy it but himself. He stopped for a moment at the bridge, and then pursuing his way up Micklegate, again gazed on the nunnery. At length, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he darted away, and walking now quickly, now slowly, as if conscious that some one was looking and laughing at him, though not a single creature was in view, he at length made the circuit of the nunnery-gardens, and after some efforts succeeded, notwithstanding the great inconvenience to which his wound subjected

him, in climbing up the wall, and taking a view of that ground which was consecrated to devout retirement.

After looking some time around, and perceiving nothing worthy of attention, he began to think of descending, when a slight noise drew his attention. It was occasioned by the entrance of three sisters. Henry gazed with all his eyes. Their veils were soon thrown back, that they might enjoy the morning air, but, alas! though they were neither brown nor old, there was nothing to awaken curiosity or elicit enterprize, in their appearance.

Soon afterwards, two novices entered, one of which was a beautiful child; she was, however, but a child, and Henry determined to descend.

One more look. It was fatal as that of Eurydice; it beheld a form of the most youthful, yet elegant and finished grace, glide alone into the garden. She stepped forward with slow but dignified steps towards the place where he stood, and

sitting down on a little seat, almost beneath him, began to sing *Te Domine.* Never had a voice so soft, so sweet, saluted the breath of morn. Henry was bound by a power more than magic to the place. His whole soul was absorbed in his ears—she stops; she throws back her veil; and dropping on one knee, she looks towards heaven, as drawing from her bosom a little crucifix, she kissed it, and in a low voice repeated a Latin orison! Never had Imagination, in her happiest hour, even in the land of romance, depicted such a being as this; her face was oval, of the finest contour, her complexion of the purest olive; but in the liquid lustre of her full, dark eye, sat the fascinating charm, which gave lustre to loveliness, and attraction to majesty. Her extended hands were of exquisite whiteness, and the glossy locks that hung in clustering ringlets on her forehead, escaping the fillet that bound them, finished the beauty of her head, as much as the long white veil, now thrown behind her shoulder, gave grace to the form it developed.

Just as she was rising, one of the three sisters, who had returned into the house, stepped again into the garden, and in a shrill and angry voice, called, "Antonia!" she started, and drawing her veil around her, gave a deep sigh. Henry too sighed profoundly.

The beauteous novice cast her eyes around, then upwards; her eyes met Henry's; yet for a moment she indulged the view; in another her veil was thrown over her; the nun had hurried her into the house, and, according to Henry's conception, had taken the wide world along with her.

For a considerable time he continued to gaze, but not another creature appeared. At length he heard the sound of solemn music, and the voices of the sisterhood in concert, and he tried to distinguish Antonia's from the rest. They ceased. The sun was risen on high; voices were heard below him; he became sensible of the ridicule to which his situation exposed him; and at length, with considerable difficulty, descended.

Every step which brought Henry nearer to the inn, appeared to drag him away from happiness; his very feet refused half their office, and seemed clad in lead, to forbid his removal. On arriving at the Swan, he was roused to some degree of self-recovery, by perceiving the horses in the carriage, and hearing sir Francis inquire, with a look of alarm, "where can you possibly have been?"

Henry, looking at himself, saw that his clothes gave ample testimony that he had been climbing amongst dust, and had found difficulty in descending, as the scarf, which was a sling for his arm, was torn. Lady Mowbray instantly began to reprove him for venturing into any place where he was likely to injure himself, and observed, she saw very plainly that he had been on the ruins of St. Mary's.

"If," said Louisa, "you begin the journey in this way, Henry, what can we expect from you, when you get into places where the temptation is so much greater?"

Henry was at this time hastily devouring his breakfast; for a moment he lifted up his eyes, and as he cast a look full of consciousness towards Louisa, a deep blush suffused his face. She did not perceive it, having the book of roads in her hand, but continued to say, "It was really very wrong;" in which her mother joined her, in stronger terms of reprehension.

"Come, come," said the baronet, good naturedly, "there is no great harm done, it appears, at least if there is, the patience with which the culprit endures it ought to ensure him from further reprehension."

Henry started from his chair, seized the baronet's hand, and giving it a wringing pressure, exclaimed—"You are ever kind, ever merciful to me, sir Francis, and if——"

He flung hastily out of the room, evidently affected far beyond any claim that the circumstance appeared to have on his sensibility; but as it was evident that he was not in a state to answer inquiries, none could be made at present, and

the baronet determined so far to befriend him, as to save him from any hereafter. In consequence of his good management, the day passed pleasantly, and the many objects of novelty which quickly succeeded each other, led the whole party apparently to forget the adventure of the morning.

But Henry forgot it not; he "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain;" and long before the evening closed, had calculated now many days must elapse ere his return. His mother became extremely fearful that he had really irritated his wound, and would not retire for the night till she had examined it; but being satisfied in that particular, she had not the least doubt but another day would bring back his wonted spirits.

But another, and another came, and Henry was still absent and dejected. They now entered the metropolis of Scotland, and found it exceed their most sanguine expectations, reminding them forcibly of those pictures of ancient Athens, which they had been wont to contemplate as the

perfection of picturesque grandeur in a city; and as they glanced from the Castle to the Calton Hill, the monuments which record the glories of Nelson and the powers of Hume, they were transported with admiration, and even Henry was "himself again;" whilst Louisa, recollecting the admirable description Scotia's own bard has given of this beautiful place, repeated his lines:—

> Dun Edin, 'mid thy mountain court,
> Thou sitt'st like empress queen at sport,
> And lib'ral, unconfin'd, and free,
> Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
> Thou beam'st 'neath the western ray,
> Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Our travellers, with still stronger, though very different interest, surveyed Holyrood House, and recalled the days of its glory, and the moments of its shame. In the chamber where Rizzio was murdered, Louisa expressed herself in terms of abhorrence, much stronger than she was wont, against his assassins, and declared, that although she sin-

cerely believed Mary to have been innocent of the death of her husband, yet she thought it quite natural to believe that she never could forgive him the commission of such an outrage; "but indeed," added she, "he was altogether a vile wretch."

"He was jealous," said Henry, "and jealousy is a terrible passion; it has driven many a man to do things very contrary to the general tenor of his character."

"How could he be jealous of a plain old man like Rizzio?"

"Very easily; if a woman gives her time, her attentions, her affections, to an old woman, or even a cat, a man may be jealous, if the warmth of his own attachment renders him desirous of an equal return from the woman he loves."

"Very true; I remember the time when I used to be jealous of poor Edward Sefton; but still I think the queen was most unhappily married."

Louisa looked at her father questioningly.

"Indeed she was, my dear, and on her

marriage hung, in an especial manner, all the miseries of her future life; she married the man she loved, instead of which, she ought to have married the man she esteemed."

"But why not do both?"

"Because, perhaps, situated as she then was, she could not do both. Young, lively, and impassioned, she suffered external advantages to seduce her wishes, and she followed the dictates of hasty admiration, as tens of thousands do every day, and therefore rush to misery, or at least to the *chance* of it, I may say the right to it."

"But would they not be miserable likewise, if they married those whom they esteemed, but could not love?"

"Certainly not; for love grows out of esteem. It is the nature of virtue to recommend itself the more, the more it is known; and every woman will learn to appreciate the excellence she daily witnesses, and to return the tenderness which honours and protects her."

"Indeed she will," said lady Mowbray, vehemently.

"It may be so," said Louisa, with an air of doubt, "but it strikes me, that I must love a man very, *very* dearly, before I could consent to leave my dear parents and my sweet home to go and live with him, were he ever so good and amiable, nay, even if he were ever so great; a Nelson or a Wellington would fail to persuade me, much as I admire brave men."

A look of inexpressible tenderness from either parent rewarded the affectionate avowal, and they proceeded to view the building, and after it every thing worthy of note in Edinburgh, where they formed several acquaintances, and experienced the most boundless hospitality.

Sir Francis and lady Mowbray were delighted with the society they found here, as possessing that literary taste, and high mental polish, ever most attractive to those who possess it most; and the vivacity, accomplishments, frankness, and beauty of

the younger branches, were equally delightful to Louisa, and would have been to Henry, but for his luckless adventure at the nunnery, the memory of which hung as a blight on his heart, and mildewed all the fairy scene around him. 'Tis true, the memory was sweet; he hugged it as the dearest charm of life, and would steal from the gayest scenes to dwell on every feature, look, and gesture, of the vision that haunted and bewitched him; but yet the effect upon his mind was afflictive, and resembled the deleterious operation of plants, that alternately exhilarate and stupify, yet never fail to poison.

A delightful party was made to see Roslyn and Hawthornden, which they found a paradise beyond even their most sanguine expectations. Whatever could interest in the past, or delight in the present, appeared combined to charm the eye and engage the mind; the stately ruins mouldering to decay, the abode of modern elegance and hospitality, the exquisite beauty of the scenery, and the profusion of wild

flowers which every where embalmed the air with their fragrance, and disposed the senses to that species of delicious drowsiness which seems to shut out care, and yet leave the mind awake to enjoyment, rendered it altogether the most fascinating scene in which they had ever mingled; and it was rendered still more delightful to our travellers, from the novelty which the society in which they were intermingled gave to all around them. Several ladies sung Scotch airs, with a gaiety, softness, and simplicity, they had never heard before; and from their high poetic relish of the scene around them, they were frequently led to speak of each object in the language of their mother tongue, and apply those epithets which Burns and Bruce have immortalized. And although broad Scotch is vulgar, and therefore disgusting, in the mouth of a London porter, there is both a sweetness and archness in it, very prepossessing when spoken by a lovely, well-educated Scotswoman.

Sir Francis, during this delightful day,

had repeatedly wished for Edward, and his wish was re-echoed with fervour by Henry, and with placid sincerity by Louisa, while lady Mowbray, calculating the time, expressed surprise that he had not reached them, or at least written ere now. It had been their intention to proceed direct for Killin, and they had given that route to Mr. Sefton; but Henry appeared now so greatly to prefer seeing Melross, that they would have complied with his wishes, but for the sake of his friend, who would be likely to lose them, should they vary from their original plan; they therefore persisted in it; but Henry, whose conduct at this time much resembled a wayward child, persisted in asserting that he would visit Melross at all events, as soon as Edward arrived.

Lady Mowbray, as we have already mentioned, was much absorbed in contemplating the past, and only enjoyed the present as she viewed it through that romantic medium which combined past feelings with present enjoyments, and which were very natural to one who was even now but little

acquainted with the world, and who lived in a circle of her own, fitted for nourishing sensibility, and exalting feelings into virtues: observing the change that had taken place in her son, she was led to believe that he was experiencing the same emotions with herself, and sensible that they were closely allied to the best propensities, the noblest views of our nature, she was seldom inclined to check them, and she therefore contributed to extend his thraldom, by giving him the opportunity of feasting at his leisure on the chimeras of imagination.

For some days after he had first seen the fair *incognita*, Henry felt too much struck and dazzled to be able distinctly either to view his own wishes, or form any probable idea of the lady, or any feasible plan for ever seeing her again; and his sense of the ludicrous in the manner by which he first beheld her, prevented him from making even Louisa the confidant of the passion which consumed him. On reflection, it struck him that she must be a foreigner, both

from her name and the accent in which she sung, and he therefore felt a kind of hope, that although she served her noviciate at York, she would not be professed there. He even flattered himself that she was not a novice, but merely adopted the dress as a boarder in the house; but the angry manner in which the nun had called her forbade this hope, as it indicated a certain power over her inimical to his wishes. In retracing these things, Henry totally forgot his situation as a soldier, his entire dependance on his uncle, his professed aversion to Catholicism, and in fact every thing but the difficulty of taking Antonia from the convent, and on this subject he was alone anxious to see and converse with Edward.

But Edward came not; and anxious to proceed, as Henry's leave of absence was nearly expired, and his wound was happily almost well, they went forward to Linlithgow, the birth-place of the unfortunate Mary, and from thence pursued the way to Stirling, where they remained three days,

delighted with its antiquities, and still more the fine romantic site of its Castle, which overlooks an immense carse, or plain, through which the Forth winds in a thousand meanders, till its princely stream seems but a silver thread emerging from the far distant mountains. These proud barriers of the Highlands, the lofty Bens, here mingled with the clouds, and appeared the haughty guardians of the smiling plain, which, like the garden of Eden, lay stretched beneath their feet.

At this place the family attended divine service in the Scotch kirk, and were not less pleased than edified by the simple, but manly and scriptural discourse offered to a serious, intelligent congregation. On returning, sir Francis expressed himself with more than usual warmth, in speaking of the satisfaction he had received, and he was surprised to hear Henry join him in passing liberal opinions on every persuasion of Christians, not omitting even Catholics, of whom he observed the externals were so imposing and affecting, it

was no wonder that young people were much attracted by them. "In fact," said he, "we are all the slaves of our senses, and after all, perhaps, pageantry is necessary even in religion."

"We have just come from a place which has offered us a decisive proof that it is *not* requisite to well-informed, sensible people, since it is certain that piety is equally characteristic with simplicity in the church of this country."

"I should, nevertheless, sooner become a proselyte to Rome than Scotland."

"I hope you will never become a proselyte to either, for I think you would exchange the establishment of your own country dreadfully for the worse in the first instance, and certainly not mend it in the second. After your violent philippic at York, I am surprised how you can allow the possibility of becoming a Papist to enter your head. Indeed, from a well-informed man like you, I am somewhat mortified to hear this."

Henry too was mortified, as he review-

ed his own opinion, and scanned his own conduct. He determined to rouse himself; he remembered that he was now entering the Highlands, that he was about to claim kindred with a people, and visit a country, which had awakened all his patriotism, and elicited the finest enthusiasm of his nature but a short time before; and he determined to rid himself of a passion which, however worthy the object might be, was to him useless and ruinous.

Under the happy effect of this resolution, he set out for Doune, "bonny Doune," whose "banks and braes" bloom ever in the poet's song, and give an earnest of the beauties of Highland scenery, being the first town in that part of the kingdom. Sir Francis saw with sincere joy that Henry was struggling with himself, and he lost no means of enabling him to do it effectually, by leading him into various subjects of conversation, and shewing him that under whatever malady his mind laboured, he yet possessed the power requisite for liberating it.

The following evening brought them to Loch Katrine, which they were so happy as to behold in all the brilliance of beauty described in the Lady of the Lake;

> "Loch Katrine lay beneath them roll'd
> A burnish'd flood of liquid gold;"

and Henry, in surveying the little island, and retracing the story of its fair inhabitant, felt all his resolution vanish; the lovely recluse was again before his eyes, and he wished ardently that he could transplant her to these fairy regions, and "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," resign himself wholly to the passion she had inspired, and render that devotion to her a duty, which was now at least an error, and perhaps a crime.

This evening was spent at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and Harry was *perforce* obliged to exert himself; a large party were assembled, and an opportunity was offered not only for exhibiting the Highland hospitality, but the Highland character; a manly frankness, an earnest

desire to make every one happy, and a ready conclusion that they were so, by giving them credit for urbanity and good-humour, was visible in their host, whose guests seemed alike delighted with each other, and with the strangers.

In the course of the evening, dancing was proposed, and Henry was complimented with the hand of a beautiful girl, whom he learnt with some emotion was a Mackenzie. The brilliancy of her complexion, the air of youth and hilarity that distinguished her form and features, "her eyes' blue languish, and her golden hair," could scarcely have failed to impress his heart beyond the jocund hour, had it not already yielded to a flame rendered still more impressive from being combined with difficulty and allied to melancholy; for though no human being was naturally more gay than Henry, yet he felt, in common with all, that the flame of romantic love burns most brilliant when lighted by the hand of mournful interest. Yet not wholly in vain did the gay Julia lead the

sportive dance, and rally her English partner on his sombre looks, and with modest freedom and genuine wit, endeavour to divert his melancholy. By degrees his steps regained their elasticity, his eyes sparkled, he became animated, lively, and gay; and the old servants, as they watched the sprightly reel, declared "he was nae soothern, but a braw chief, and worthy o' bein' a Mackenzie;" while his gay old host complimented the blushing Julia with having stolen fire from heaven, and animated a statue.

Henry heard this, and again resolved to be a statue no longer; in fact, he felt as if the festivity of the day had half restored him; he found himself placed where he had wished to be, and charmed as much as he had expected by those around him, who appeared to welcome him as a kinsman; he naturally desired to appear worthy of the name he held, which, for the first time in his life, he heard coupled with deference and distinction. "This then," said he, "is the land of my fathers, and doubtless as I

advance, many will own, and some remember and love, the individual who bestowed on me existence: here the woes which blighted my opening life, and shed the disgrace of poverty on my early years, are unknown, or justly lamented; and I hold from nature, not obligation, the rank of a gentleman:" for a moment he looked on the fair Julia, with eyes so expressive, that his gaze called the blushes on her cheek; he instantly withdrew them; he had too much honour, too much humanity, to be a male coquette; and as he felt only towards her the affection of a brother, he did not wish to be mistaken.

Part of the company staid all night, but many were obliged to seek a very distant resting-place—a circumstance that appeared to be considered here a very trivial inconvenience. In the morning, during breakfast, which is generally a long and luxurious meal in Scotland, a gentleman and his daughter returned, accompanied by a young gentleman who resided at Loch Acray, and had come fourteen miles that

morning, to invite Sir Francis's family, whose visit he claimed in right of being the relation of lieutenant Mackenzie, who was the cousin of his mother twice removed; he said he was a Steuart, and he apprehended that was introduction sufficient, unless it were necessary to say that he was for the present an idle man, and happy to show the beauties of his neighbourhood to his friends and relations, of whose arrival he had the good fortune to learn, before they were better provided for.

Sir Francis saw not only that he was expected, but that he should give pain, and probably offence, if he refused, and he therefore instantly accepted the invitation, from which he was sensible he bestowed more obligation than he received; and he felt too for Henry, who was evidently gratified by this attention. In a short time they arrived with the gentleman at his house, where they found he was still holding his bridal festival, at which his mother presided, as the last time when she would perform the office of mistress in the

mansion; in the bride they found the sister of Julia, and found her alike lovely and engaging. Mrs. Steuart, the mother, paid great attention to lady Mowbray, and seemed extremely solicitous to inquire the fate of her beloved relative, though she forbore, with the utmost delicacy, from regard to sir Francis, whom she treated with profound respect, not from any deference paid to his rank or riches, but because they considered him as the foster-father of Henry, on whom they gazed with admiration, as the sightly branch that had survived the parent tree; and they could have exclaimed,

> "Thou hast found
> The kindest aspect of delighted heaven,
> Though poverty's cold winds and crushing rains,
> Beat keen and heavy on thy tender youth;"

but in the mild benevolence and steady urbanity of sir Francis, they read at once the answer to their wishes, and perceived that he had not only succoured their rela-

tive as a distressed child, but formed him an independent man.

From this house they made many delightful excursions, and Louisa took various sketches of the mountain scenery at some times, at others they sailed over the beautiful Lochs Katrine and Acray, between which the house lay. Henry and two of the servants slept at Jamie Stewart's, a name well known to every Highland tourist, and respected alike by friends and strangers. On the second evening, when he returned to his lodging, he found a venerable Highlander sitting at the door, taking a draught of whiskey and milk with the landlord, who rising on his appearance, said—"Noo, Archibald, ye sal luik this yung gentlemon i' the feace, an' ye sal obsarve his gait, an' I warrant ye sal tell me his neame."

The old Highlander laid down his bonnet, and stroking back the milk-white hairs thinly scattered on his brow, bent his clear grey eyes on Henry with a look

of modest and courteous curiosity; after a moment's pause, he said—"I warrant me it's a Mackenzie!"

"Right! but what Mackenzie?"

"You cannot possibly expect your friend to answer that, Mr. Stewart; you are too hard upon him," observed Henry.

"Oh," exclaimed the old man, tears starting into his eyes, and his whole frame trembling with agitation, "oh, it *is*, it maun be my own bairn's bairn, my bonnie Harry's chiel!"

"What does he mean?" cried Henry, exceedingly moved.

"He means that you are the son of his foster' son, which is varry true; I seed it mysel in you, and I fetched him ower the mountains for the purpose. Oh, it's fine to see this! sic tears do honour to ye baith; they're the jewels of a braw countree; an' the wide world canno show sae monie as the Highlands o' Scotland."

Henry sat down at the door, and listened with deep attention to the tales of garru-



lous old age, as they passed over the infancy of his father, until the time when he ventured to the wars, and, like many a brave countryman, bade his native rocks and matchless streams farewell for ever. He then delighted the happy old man by informing him of the situation and health of that kind relation, who was the only Mackenzie he had ever known till now, and who was in possession of every blessing his country could wish him, and adorned with every virtue that could honour the soil from which he sprung; but over the fate of his own father he drew a veil, willing to save the feelings of one who had evidently cherished his memory with a fondness rarely felt in the world's "chilling atmosphere" by the real parent, through the laspe of more than thirty years.

When Henry arose in the morning, he found the old Highlander at the door, equipped for pedestrian travelling. "Which way do you go, friend?" said he, looking in his pocket-book as he spoke, less at the

bills he was taking out, than to hide the tears which sprung to his eyes.

"In the first pleace, I gae to see your mither, young mon; in the niest, I gae where ye gae, be it to the Orkneys; for by God's guid help, while ye bide i' this countree, Ise feast my eyes wi' the luiks o' ye; sae lead on, sir."

When old Archibald was introduced to lady Mowbray, he gazed on her with intensity of pleasure for some time, although interrupted by the water that would rise to obstruct his vision; at length he withdrew his ardent though respectful looks, saying, "God's will be done! whiles my bairn lived, he *lived!*—Oh, she's fine! she's a true leady! Ey! she's a wife for Harry Mackenzie, Ise warrant."

Sir Francis was much amused with the simplicity and good sense of this old man, and still more highly pleased with the affection he displayed towards Henry, whom he attended in every expedition,

as a servant and a guide. His "was a lusty winter, frosty but kindly;" still it *was* a winter; and a person of Henry's age and feeling was led, from his own youth, to consider it as far advanced; and the baronet frequently observed him bending looks on the old man, which bespoke equal anxiety and admiration, and more than once saw him draw his hand across his eyes: once, after such a fit of rumination, he saw Louisa address him, and after continuing in discourse some time, she gave him her purse, which he thanked her for by a speaking eye, and a brotherly kiss. The baronet was well aware that his daughter's purse was never well stocked, for although he had taught her prudence in her own expenditure, yet she had ever held all that she possessed as the property of those who needed it; and in this country, though she had seen no one destitute, yet she found many whom it was sweet to help.

That very morning she had been particularly delighted with two little children,

whose animated gestures and sprightly looks were the heralds of that int ellgence which distinguishes the children of the country. One little girl running before, spied a new-built cottage, with a little garden before it; she instantly stopped; and clasping her little hands, exclaimed in rapture to her sister—" Oh that's fine—the wee bit housie! run, Jenny, run, and luik wi' me! Oh, charmin'! oh, delightfu'! wad that oor mither lived i' this bonnie glen, Jenny!"

There was something so indicative of feeling and native taste, with an expression so totally above vulgarity, in this honest transport, that it was no wonder it drew Louisa's attention, although she had remarked the same superior expression frequently in Scotland. She therefore soon formed an acquaintance with Agnes and Jannet, which led to one with their mother, an industrious young widow, who became rich by her unsolicited bounty, and in the emotions of her gratitude, revealed what

Louisa would have hidden even from her father's knowledge.

Recollecting this, the baronet joined Harry in a fishing-party, and remarking the wonderful agility old Archy still displayed, he said—"I am certain, Henry, you wish to provide for this old man beyond the boon of a day; I wonder you have not consulted with me on the manner of doing it."

"To have consulted you, sir, would have been a—a—"

"An indirect method of asking assistance from me: granted; but surely, Harry, you are not averse from that?"

"I shall never be averse from avowing my own dependencies and obligations; but liberal as you have ever been to me, I should blush at soliciting aid in a matter of feeling rather than charity, especially in a case which may be deemed exclusively my own."

"You are perfectly right in your judgement of this case; self-denial, as I have

told you a thousand times, is the soul of charity, and independence the bond of friendship in general; but as that which subsists between you and me is very different from any that could exist between you and Edward Sefton, or any other person, I wish you to speak your wishes on the subject freely, Harry."

"I have not formed any regular plan; I could like to give him something from my pay; but as that pay never supported me, it appears foolish to affect *giving* from such an inadequate source."

"I have, in *your* name, purchased from our host an annuity of twenty pounds per annum for Archy, which, with his present situation, will, in this country, make *him* rich. Take it; 'twill, I hope, make *you* happy."

Henry took it with glistening eyes, and a simple assurance that it did *indeed* make him happy; but to himself he said—"This is only one of twenty thousand acts of kindness I have been receiving all my life from this man, to whom I never, *never* can make any return, and to whom I have

been many a time a wayward child: oh that there were any sacrifice, any exertion, by which I could prove my gratitude, my obedience!"

Soon after this they proceeded to Killin, accompanied a good part of the way by their truly hospitable friends, who left no means untried to prolong their stay, and who introduced them to such a circle of friends in the Highlands, that their invitations would have lasted their lives, such was the unbounded hospitality of the natives, with whom they found every *agrémen* that could render that hospitality delightful.

They now entered the very heart of that wildly romantic and exquisitely fine country, where it may be truly said that " Nature sports at will her virgin fancies." They traversed the beautiful shores, or sailed along the fair expanse of Loch Lomond, beheld Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis towering in their strength, explored the pass of the Trossachs, and gave the sigh due to the memory of Smollet on the

banks of the Leven. Every where were they attended by old Archy, who proved not only an affectionate, but an intelligent guide, and who had equal pleasure in exhibiting the magnificent scenery of his own country to them, and showing them to the inhabitants of that country.

It was observed, that the more Henry engaged himself with this old man, the more avidity he displayed in examining the surrounding charms, and exploring the dangerous recesses of the country, the more he overcame the languor which had preyed on his spirits and obscured his character; so that it was hoped by his friends, that notwithstanding the pensive air he wore at times, he would yet return heart-whole to his own country.

CHAP. III.

From time to time the absence of Edward was lamented much by the party, who lost no opportunity of writing, and inquiring after him, which their eccentric and secluded situation admitted; for as they did not hear from him, they suffered from the fear that he was ignorant of their route, and was perhaps seeking them in the Hebrides, where they no longer intended to go. One day, as they were all labouring up a high mountain, for the sake of procuring a few precious pebbles, which they might boast of having gathered themselves, they were partly intercepted by a drove of Scotch cattle, which appeared to be under the command of three men, one of whom was of so commanding, and indeed captivating an appearance, that they all involuntarily gazed upon him; and Henry, with all his wonted fire and

enthusiasm, exclaimed—"Good Heavens! I never saw a man till now!"

The stranger's form might well awaken such an idea as this; he was far above the common height, and the fine proportion of his manly limbs and athletic air was crowned by a face such as a painter would give to a youthful Alcibiades. His every attitude was graceful and commanding, and as he bounded from rock to rock, brandishing a twig in his hand, he appeared to the eye of fancy a banished Apollo, or a newly-descended Mercury. His dress was the complete Highland; but it was impossible for either that or his occupation to abstract the mind one moment from the idea that he was superior by fortune, as well as nature; and sir Francis had no doubt but he beheld in him some true descendant of the ancient lairds, who was assisting his herdsmen; while Louisa, as with timid yet charmed gaze she pursued his every movement, felt assured that she beheld one of the race of Fingal, born to wield his sceptre, or perhaps the spirit of

the mountain embodied, to show her what men were wont to be in days of yore.

Our party continued to gaze in mute attention, while the cattle and their extraordinary escort continued to pass; when just as the only being approached who had really engaged their attention, and whose fine person won the eye the nearer he approached it, one of the beasts, pushing its way from among the herd, ran immediately at lady Mowbray.

Henry was not so absorbed but he perceived his mother's danger, and flew to her assistance; but though his wound was healed, he had by no means recovered strength in his arm; and his efforts to snatch her from the vicious animal would have been ineffectual, if the stranger, by a kind of flying leap, had not instantly intercepted the danger, and at once striking the animal violently, and setting up a loud shout, caused it to turn suddenly round and rejoin the herd.

Sir Francis and his daughter were but a few yards higher up the mountain, and when

Henry lifted his eyes from his mother, who was naturally fluttered with the near prospect of danger she had so recently experienced, and who now leaned helplessly upon him, he perceived that Louisa was fainting in her father's arms, doubtlessly through the terror she had suffered.—" All is safe, Louisa ! all is safe !" cried Harry.

The stranger darted forward, and with an air of the most respectful courtesy, took the fair burden from sir Francis, and as if he bore but a feather, hasted towards a spring at some little distance, when stooping, he dipped his hand in the stream, and gently sprinkled the refreshing drops on her forehead ; being in a few seconds joined by all the party, among whom was Archy, who conceiving that various fears might agitate the hearts of the parents, ran from one to the other, whispering— " Oh, it's a' right, a' varry weel ; he's a Mackenzie, yer honour. Oh, he's fine ! he's a Mackenzie, a Vanaleich, sae he is !"

There was no need for poor Archy to trace the nobility of the Highlander's

descent, which he was about to do when Louisa opened her eyes, for the pure, and even elegant language with which he announced the circumstance, decidedly proved, that whatever he might be now reduced to, he was a man not only of education, but used to mingle in polished society: plain, too, that he had thus mingled at no great distance, for now his bonnet had slipped off, and his hair played upon his forehead, he looked not older than Henry, or even Edward Sefton.

With every mark of strong and lively gratitude, the father and brother now released the stranger from a burden he could have no wish to resign, but which he evidenced no desire to retain beyond that which necessity imposed. The gentlemanly propriety of his manners was even more pleasing than the promptitude of his assistance, and the courage and humanity of his conduct; and something better than curiosity, and distinct from gratitude, induced the baronet to beg he would not leave them, as they were returning to the

place where he had been recently direc-
ting his steps.

The stranger blushed, and for a moment wore the air of a man who was ashamed; but rallying himself, he replied, with a look of singular dignity, that although he had forsaken the world, and for some time considered himself an isolated being, yet he could not resist the charm of intelligent society for a few hours, and must therefore comply with the invitation.

On returning to the little inn, the stores which the kindness of their friends had provided were spread out, and the little party sat down to dinner. During the repast, one of the herdsmen, whom the stranger had accompanied, entered the house, and begged to know whether he would join them at a distant village that night or not?

He was answered by "no!" uttered in a very imperative tone, but followed by the palliative of "I really cannot be certain whether I shall follow you, or return to my cottage."

"It's a' varry weel, yer honour," said the man, shutting the door; "to my mind, ye're reeght to bide."

As the last words were uttered, the deepest suffusion of scarlet again visited the stranger's cheek, and even glowed on his ivory forehead; every eye was withdrawn from him, in pity to his confusion; while sir Francis eagerly addressed some questions to Henry, which gave him time for recovery.

When the servants were withdrawn, conversation became general, and naturally turned upon the country in which they were placed, and particular features of it which were the objects of search and admiration. With the latter the visitors appeared to be the best acquainted; but with the character of the inhabitants, the native Highlander (if such he was) seemed most conversant; he spoke with enthusiasm of their courage, fidelity, attachment, and mental powers; designated them as the only independent race in Europe, and termed them "the virtuous and intelli-

gent few with whom Liberty still lived, and where, he trusted, she would never find a grave."

Sir Francis cordially agreed in the praises thus bestowed, but could not exactly see what peculiar liberty was enjoyed by a people whose attachment to the feudal laws of their ancestors was at once their greatest pride, their most distinguishing characteristic, and the foundation of those peculiar virtues the young enthusiast gave them credit for: he said to himself, "This young fellow is bit with the mania of liberty and independence, but he is a fine spirited youth; he will be good for something by-and-by."

Henry's heart glowed with the same sentiments that animated the stranger's; he therefore did not trouble himself with analyzing the strength of his arguments, or doubting the truth of his conclusions; he only wished that he could hail him as a brother soldier; and with a generosity few minds are capable of feeling, he sincerely desired to lift him at once into a

situation in which his own talents and prowess would necessarily be eclipsed; such was the genuine nobleness of his nature, and the warmth of his friendship.

A species of admiration and surprise seemed to benumb the very faculties of Louisa every time the stranger spoke; but when he addressed *her*, the stupor was evidently exchanged for confusion, and a tremor pervaded not only her voice, but her limbs, and was so perceptible as to be attributed by all to the agitation she had experienced in the morning; and her mother repeatedly requested her to retire, and lie down for an hour. At length she complied with the request; but never was she farther from obtaining the repose she wanted; she still seemed to listen, and to behold something that she had never known till now, something new in nature, yet not strange to imagination, which repeatedly whispered—"This is the being I have depicted! This is a hero!"

In the evening, when Louisa rejoined her family, lady Mowbray was pouring

out coffee; she immediatly suspended her avocation to inquire, with her wonted tenderness, after the health of her daughter. It was observed that their guest was affected by some tender recollection, which was awakened by the circumstance, for the tears sprung to his eyes, and he was unable to continue the relation of some anecdote he had entered upon. This sensibility gave a still stronger interest to that which his person, manners, and talents had inspired; it softened the blaze of admiration by the claim of pity, and rendered it still more endearing.

"I must appear a *strange* being to you, lady Mowbray," said the youth, "but I am sure I shall not be thought a despicable one, for giving this uncalled, though not unwitnessed tribute of grateful affection to the memory of a good aunt, of whom you just now reminded me. She was," added he, in a tone still more soft and tremulous, "the only female friend I ever knew, for my mother gave me life at the price of her own."

Every one present gave some token of sympathy, and Henry's was that of grasping his hand with vehemence, while with difficulty he cried—"Sir, I honour your feelings; I esteem you more than I can express."

The stranger bowed, but was silent for some time, as if ruminating; at length he said, half smilingly—"I believe if I were unfitted for the world by nothing else than the regard I have for this relative, 'twould be sufficient; for I am certain that for her sake I could never bear to hear old maids laughed at; I should throw down the gauntlet fifty times a-day, rather than not defend my aunt in the person of the sisterhood."

"You would do right," said the baronet, warmly; "reflections upon single women, as such, ever appear to me as cowardly and cruel as they are despicable and unjust, and I do not know one species of quarrel in which a young man could engage more to his honour than such a vindication of

rights, and such an exposition of affection, as that you mention."

The stranger started on his feet, and with glistening eye and evident emotion, thanked the baronet, and then, in a hurried manner, adverted to the advanced state of the evening, and his necessity for hastily wishing them a good-night. A look of alarm and distress, as if they were about to suffer a terrible privation, instantly sat on every brow; and as if he suffered more than they could possibly feel, and was afraid of revealing more than they could possibly guess, the enigmatic guest, by one strong effort, overcame his feeling, and darted away even from Henry's anxious endeavours to retain him. In a few moments his hasty steps were seen to re-ascend the hill; his tall and graceful form caught the last lingering rays of the sun, as they slanted on the mountain, till at length it wholly receded from the strained eye; and the family turned from the door to wonder, admire, and fruitlessly conjecture whence

the vision came, and whether they should ever behold it again.

All that could be learned from what old Archy and the servants had picked up from the herdsman was, simply, that the name of this young man was Donald Mackenzie; that his father, a younger brother of a noble family, had left the kingdom on account of the death of his mother, to whom he was most fondly attached, leaving his only babe in the charge of his own aunt, who had doted on him to distraction, and removed southward when his age had required the advantages of education. Archy said that his family was noble on both sides, and many of its descendants very rich; but it was feared they had behaved unkindly to this noble branch, as he had lately, after the absence of many years, returned to the Highlands, avowing his poverty, and professing an intention of subsisting on his own efforts, and maintaining the independence which he deemed the birthright of man, and the highest privilege of his existence.

" There is something about this youth," said sir Francis, " that reminds me amazingly of Forrester, in Miss Edgeworth's admirable stories; I doubt he is acting foolishly in some way."

" He put me in mind of Gustavus Vasa, when hidden in the Dalecarlian mountains," said his lady.

" And me too," cried Henry ; " and I felt as if, like the Swedish monarch, he would one day burst his trammels, and, like him, conquer and delight the world around him."

" He reminded me of nobody," said Louisa, " for I have never seen any thing like him."

Simple as this speech was, there was something in the utterance which alarmed the father, as he traced the varying colour, and marked the awakened nerve of her who uttered it ; and although he was himself uncommonly interested in the fate of this mysterious Mackenzie, and felt a sincere desire to see him placed in a situation more congenial to his birth and talents,

and therefore more likely to produce his happiness, he yet felt that it was quite as well upon the whole that he had withdrawn himself. He determined to keep his eye upon him, for the purpose of doing him good, but he was aware that Louisa's eyes might find the employment very dangerous.

"Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," seemed all the rambles of the following day—the mountains yielded no heroes, the lakes offered no dangers; Louisa could neither sketch, read, nor walk in comfort; but she could listen with avidity to her mother, who talked only of the stranger: and *she* could talk to Henry, for he drank with greedy ears her observations on the romantic adventure they had met with; to every person besides she was silent, and for the first time in her life she could not prattle freely to her father, nor even listen with ease when this all-engrossing subject was before him.

To the surprise of all the party, and the delight of some, on this very night

arrived Edward Sefton, as if on purpose to restore that animation which the stranger had first stimulated, and then destroyed; as such a restorer, he was especially hailed by Henry; but, alas! in his sunken features and dejected looks, no pleasure was re-echo-ed, no promise bestowed; Despondency appeared to have set her deepest seal on his forehead, and Silence to have laid her soul-benumbing finger on his lip. All the hopes which his improved spirits and open countenance had given before their journey were fled, and in their stead the mind of friendship could discern nothing but a cold, unnatural melancholy, unaccountable in his situation, and liable to every possible unpleasant interpretation and conjecture.

To every inquiry respecting his family, the answer was, that each party was in health; yet when his father was named, he answered with confusion; and when he said his mother was well, he gave a sigh so

deep, it might have been respired at her grave.

Yet was there nothing repulsive in the pensive air of Edward, beyond that which is naturally felt for all causeless, or *apparently* causeless sorrow, which always conveys either the idea of affectation, which seeks to attract admiration through the medium of compassion, or of sullenness, which gilds ill humour with the poetic name of melancholy. Although it was plain that he did not wish to reveal his sorrows, yet he was far from wishing to render them infectious; he evidently sought to exhilarate himself, in order that he might enlarge the sense of enjoyment to those around him, and to lose the sense of his sorrow, not by imparting a share of it, but by struggling against it.

The few words which Edward offered by way of apology for his delay in joining the family, were rather excuses than reasons; but the subject was evidently too painful to him for any one to examine it

closely. The baronet felt himself more than ever attached to this young man, whose modesty, he thought, by contending with his passion, produced, in a great measure, the dejection of his manners; he determined during this journey to make himself thoroughly acquainted with his temper and disposition; his opinions and principles were, he thought, already known; and he determined, if they agreed in his estimation, to second his wishes with regard to Louisa in the most decided manner.

For some days they revisited those scenes which had excited their warmest approbation, for the purpose of exhibiting them to Edward, who was fitted, both by nature and habit, for feeling in its highest zest that sublime rapture and poetic enthusiasm they were well calculated to awake, and whose fine eye, when illumed by the transport they elicited, seemed to communicate to Louisa all that he enjoyed, while his tongue seemed inspired by the very

breath of eloquence, and cast far behind him those clouds which were wont to mildew his moments.

These inspirations were, however, very transitory; Louisa soon relapsed into intense thought, or a kind of fidgetty weariness, which sought, in change of scene, for something wanting to her felicity. Henry was more relieved by the presence of his friend than any one, for he poured freely into his faithful ear the story of his fair incognito, and in doing it, unhappily impressed anew the vision on his mind, which might otherwise have died away, for want of the usual supplies of memory and idleness.

Finding that Louisa's indisposition to pleasure increased, sir Francis proposed returning, and again retracing the road to Edinburgh, by way of their friend's house, and from thence proceeding to Clydesdale —a proposition immediately assented to, although welcomed by a heavy sigh from Louisa, who immediately cast her eye towards the mountain. The heart of either

parent re-echoed that sigh, as their eyes followed the direction of hers, but the observation only served to expedite their departure.

The following evening, as the carriage drove slowly on with the ladies, the young men being on horseback, the baronet alighted, partly for the purpose of seeing a beautiful glen, and partly that by crossing a shorter path, he might inform his hospitable entertainers they were going to claim again their kindness. The sun was now setting, a sweet serenity and stillness pervaded the air, and in the woody glen into which he was descending, there was no sound heard save that of distant bleatings, or the nearer song of the mavis, soothing her young ones to repose.

Sir Francis trod softly o'er the grass, fearful of disturbing the inhabitants of the groves, and was neither heard nor seen, as he started on hearing a voice near him, with which he was familiar, address another with—"Well, Sawney, have you got any money *now?*"

"Gude troth, sir, I hae taen but a varry wee o' the siller, an that wee is wantin at hame."

"Umph! so all your boasted attachment comes to this! you refuse me a trifle to pay my expences to Dumbarton—that's your gratitude to dame Alice, and all the family at Vanaleich, hey?"

"Dinna say sae, dinna, sir; ye's hae the last o' the siller, wi' aw the saul o' Sawney, but I pray ye noo remember the wee wifie at the burn."

"You may take all to your wife, and leave me."

"Nivver, nivver, till ye hae taen the siller. Dinna brak a heart that loes ye, maister Donald! dinna do that. If ye send back auld Sawney greeting, his tears will fall like millstanes o' yer conscience."

It was plain that the speaker wept as he spoke, and his youthful auditor condescended to take his purse. Sir Francis walked on, feeling anxious to make up the loss to the herdsman, but afraid of being seen by Donald Mackenzie, after such a humi-

liating disclosure of his circumstances had taken place. He was much disgusted by the tone and manner of his address to his humble friend, but he considered that poverty is apt to sour the temper, and that every obliged person feels jealous of the obliged, in a peculiar manner when he is his inferior. Thus considering, he stept hastily on, determining to render Archy the medium of his succour to Sawney; and anxious to keep himself unseen, he ventured into a part of the glen, where the wood was still thicker and more intricate, hoping shortly to emerge on the open heath, which lay before the mansion to which he was hastening.

In the meantime the ladies slowly pursued the rugged way, Louisa's blue eyes perpetually cast towards those receding mountains, behind whose cloud-capped top she loved to fancy there lived one who would remember her, at least when he retraced its shaggy sides, although from his never appearing again for five long days, it appeared too likely that he should

think of her but seldom. This train of thought was interrupted by her mother observing, that she hoped the young men would not be long, and that surely sir Francis had crossed the glen in safety, and reached Glenarchdale ere now.

At the moment Louisa raised her eyes to reply to lady Mowbray, that lady perceived their young friends come out of the house to which they were approaching, accompanied by a stranger it was impossible to mistake.

"They are coming to meet us," cried she; "and look who is with them: How strange! how delightful! This is the land of fairies as well as witches."

A tide of crimson rushed on the cheek of Louisa, and for a moment she sunk back on the seat, confused and breathless. The mother took her hand in alarm, and the pride of virgin modesty enabled her to conquer the nearly overwhelming sensation. "I was thinking, just thinking, I should never see him again!" said Louisa.

The barouche was now at the door, and

Louisa's hand was once more in Donald's. Hearty welcome and loud rejoicing was heard on every side; but one voice was wanting, and the loss was observed more quickly by the mother than the daughter at this time. Sir Francis had not yet arrived.

As, however, the evening was delightful, and the romantic glen through which he was passing had many charms for an eye like his, no degree of alarm took place until after the arrival of Henry and Edward, when the master of the house judged it necessary to send several of his dependants in search of the wanderer, whom it was supposed had missed the devious way, and was probably going every step farther from his destination.

Henry was much fatigued, but on stepping out to hear the orders given, he became convinced that there was more danger than he had been aware of, or than he wished his mother to conceive; he therefore determined to explore the glen himself,

and stepping back, he, in a few hasty words, requested Edward to keep his mother and Louisa in conversation until his return, and then hastened to join the men, and seek the baronet.

The extreme anxiety Edward really felt would alone have prevented him from becoming communicative to-night, but he was the less likely to be so, from the appearance of the all-enchanting Donald, who rose amid his surrounding relatives like the stately elm in a forest of beech and palms. On him every eye was bent, to him every ear listened; nor was he the less interesting on this memorable evening, because his spirits appeared sunk, his eye wandering, and his heart restless as one who was "crazed with care, or crossed in hapless love;" and he frequently spoke of himself as about to leave that country, which he professed to love with all the fervor of patriotism, and a fullness of preference which would render every other hateful.

In the course of conversation, the mother

of their kind host, whom we have already mentioned as a sensible and good woman, observed, that without meaning to reflect on the unusual choice made by her young cousin, she yet could not help lamenting that he had deserted his uncle, lord Glenfalloch, since he was a man of whom the world in general thought very well.

"The world in general and Donald Mackenzie have not one feeling in unison, madam."

"Oh yes! a great mony, my bonny cousin, notwithstanding your temporary disgust, depend on't."

"Lord Glenfalloch!" said Louisa, quickly, as a glance of pleasure crossed her heart; "that is your father's friend, Mr. Sefton. I remember I liked him very much; but—but I may be mistaken in him."

"You were," and "you were *not*," broke at the same moment from the lips of the two young men, and a streak of fire was for a moment lighted in the eyes of Donald, that terrified Louisa.

She felt at that moment "a chief's a rod," and shrunk from the being she admired. Her emotion recalled him to himself, and the fire of anger subsided into a look of calm haughtiness, which was answered by one of composed dignity, which softened into complacency as Edward said in explanation—"Lord Glenfalloch is my father's friend, sir, and as far as I know of him (and it appears, from this lady's evidence, the world is with me), he is a worthy man; that he is a brave soldier is undeniable, and equally so that he is well-informed, judicious, and———"

"There is no disputing a testimony backed by a lady, sir," said Donald rising, and casting on Edward a frown which was intercepted by the lady alluded to, who could not bear what she deemed an infringement on the hospitality of the mansion.

Lady Mowbray, whose whole soul had been sent out after the wanderers, rose also, and went to the door. The moon had risen, and she rejoiced in the hope

that its light would enable them to explore every part of the woody glen. As she went to the door, she whispered to Edward that her terrors were many, though she restrained them, for the sake of the company, whose solicitude to relieve her was excessive. She likewise added—"I have many fears for my son; he will venture every thing, I know, and the weakness of his arm renders him little able to do good, yet liable to great injury."

Edward heard no more; he flew towards the glen, and was scarcely missed by the rest of the party, who now joined lady Mowbray; while Donald, standing near Louisa, observed, that it was easy for those "to smile at scars who never felt a wound;" a heart lacerated as his had been, by the cold neglect of his unfeeling relatives, or their cruel opposition to his wishes, could not calmly hear them praised for virtues never possessed.

Louisa's heart beat quick; she immediately conceived that Donald could only allude to some love affair he had not been

permitted to prosecute; what else could he mean by a "cruel opposition to his wishes?" what but disappointed love could be termed "laceration of the heart?" Unable to reply, she turned her eyes timidly towards him.

"'Tis not," continued he, "for the minions of fortune, the butterflies that have basked in the sunshine of parental love and splendid prosperity, to estimate the pangs which rend his heart, who is torn from all the finer cords of existence by the cruelty of fate; nor yet to know how proudly that being can trample on the silken chains that enfold *him,* who has early learnt to value man for his own innate dignity, and to call on the energies of his own nature in lieu of the despicable appendages of fortune. Distressed, persecuted, and oppressed, yet Donald Mackenzie shall never stoop to servility he despises, or sue for pity from the hand he disdains!"

Louisa could not perceive to any part of this speech how she could reply, yet the whole affected her exceedingly. He

appeared to her bewildered imagination the most noble, exalted, persecuted, afflicted, and magnanimous being, that ever had or could exist. The rich, fine tones of his manly voice, half suppressed by his emotion, seemed to pierce her very heart, and carry with them a conviction that all his assertions were truth, and all his complaints were just; nor was his allusion to the butterflies of fortune lost upon her; compared with himself, poor Edward became indeed a worthless insect in her eyes; her judgment was obscured, her opinions were no longer in her own keeping.

At the very moment when a deep and tender sigh was the prelude to her expected reply, lady Mowbray, breaking from the little group of ladies who encircled her, rushed into her arms, crying—"Oh, Louisa! I can endure this suspense no longer! let us go, my child, and seek your father together!"

A sudden pang cleft the heart of Louisa; 'twas the first her conscience ever had

inflicted; she felt that she had forgotten her father.—"Go! I will go any where through the wide world to seek my father!"

Louisa rushed forward with that wild avidity with which the agitated spirit seeks to relieve itself in a moment of alarm; but she had proceeded a very short way, when Donald, who naturally walked by her side, was stopped by a youth, who said, "that maister Sefton had sent for him to coom the varry minute, for his help wer waunted."

A smile of derision lighted up the features of the Highland youth, as he inquired "if the baby had slipped into a bog?"

"Beaby!" answered the lad indignantly, 'ye wrang him there; he wants yer help to save the gude maister, sir Francis, wha is perishing."

A shriek from all the ladies called Mackenzie to himself, even before the silver voice of Louisa had cried in agony, "Oh! save my father!" with all his wonted fire

and unequalled agility, he sprung towards the glen, and was quickly out of sight, being followed rather than led by his conductor.

CHAP. IV.

We left sir Francis pursuing his pathless way, in a direction which soon became not so decidedly wrong, as intricate and puzzling, yet so delightful, as neither to alarm him by its danger or length. The glen was alternately contracted and expanded, by closing or receding mountains, and was every where ornamented by tall larches, beautiful underwood, and fine knolls of rock, sometimes covered with moss, and fringed with purple heath, and sometimes naked, craggy, and wild, so that, although his prospect was bounded, every object that constituted it was interesting and delightful; and a considerable time elapsed before fatigue taught the necessity of seeking to emerge from the flowery path by some more speedy way. He now perceived the sun was descending, and he had reason to apprehend, from the manner in

which its rays fell, that his wanderings were taking him still further from the haven for which he toiled; and though vexed, and unwilling to think himself completely foiled, he began to retrace them. But, alas! his footsteps were not imprinted on the bending grass; and, as he had gone forward to no purpose, so he returned to gain no certainty. All his efforts to obtain a direct path were fruitless; and as the shadows of night closed around him, he lost the only guide which could assist him, with the light that solaced him.

Every person who has thus wandered, delighted with the beauties of nature, will be aware that fatigue and weariness are not felt until the whole frame is exhausted, and that we sink at once, as it were, into that state of languor from which mental exertion has previously preserved us. This was precisely the case with the baronet, who felt his strength declining so fast, that he determined on climbing the side of the nearest mountain, while he had yet the power of exertion, in the hope that, when

the moon arose, he should be enabled to espy some path which would lead to the shepherd's cot, if there were such, or at least place him more in the way of help than he could be in this sequestered dell.

By dint of great exertion, he at length attained a considerable eminence, on which he hallooed for a time, in hopes of hearing some answer; but the distant rocks and silent vallies alone reechoed his voice.

At length the moon arose, and shed a feeble, uncertain light on all around; but as some light from the closed day still lingered on the mountains, he trusted that, with this aid, he might explore his way. He had not proceeded long in this new direction, when, to his great relief, he heard voices, and saw lights in the glen below, and became sensible that his friends were searching for him.

Although nearly worn out, he answered with spirit, and determined on descending. He was looking about for the means of doing so, in the direction of a light he had observed below; but from the moon

being now overcast, and a heavy mass of shadow resting on every object immediately around him, and the loose soil on which he trod becoming every moment more fragile, he was obliged to feel his way very carefully. After proceeding a short distance, he heard the gushing of water near him, that seemed precipitated to a great distance, and recollected with terror, that on his way in the glen he had beheld with delight a mountain torrent, that formed a cascade of exquisite, but terrific beauty, as it bounded, by two amazing leaps, into a natural basin. With eager steps he turned away from an object of terror, which he felt too near him; but, in the very act of turning on the faithless soil, he was suddenly precipitated an immense distance down some unseen precipice. The noise of many waters assailed his ear, and the rapidity of his descent so far took his senses, that he was a considerable time before he could be said to have ascertained that he still existed.

When sir Francis a little recovered himself, he found that he was thrown on the shelving part, where the falling stream had made itself a kind of resting-place. The season had been lately dry, and therefore the waters did not occupy the whole of this fragile and narrow shelf, which appeared so greatly to resemble the scaly mountain of which it formed a part, that he had every reason to dread every moment a second precipitation into the still more dangerous excavation below. Recollecting, however, that his only resource was confidence in Heaven, and collectedness in himself, he arose on his feet, and leaning his back against the rock, he determined to await patiently until daylight should enable him to judge of his situation, or some one be led to perceive it; for he was aware that the sound of the cataract, whose spray continually dashed over him, would prevent his voice from being heard, and that his efforts for that purpose could only consume his remaining strength;

he therefore silently lifted up his heart to Heaven, and quietly waited for deliverance.

After some time (a time those alone can properly estimate who have felt similar suspense) sir Francis again heard a voice, and he was sensible it must be near him; as far too, as he could judge, the voice was Henry's. Courage and hope rose in his heart, and he answered it so loudly, as to guide the youth immediately aright, though he was ascending from the other side of the mountain. In a few moments he was able to hear him speak, as if immediately above him, and inquire, in the most anxious manner, where he was, and how he could reach him?

The moon had been long struggling for ascendancy over those dark clouds which had led the unfortunate baronet to his horrible situation; but she now shone out in such a manner as to reveal to him the extent of his misfortune. In a voice indicative of despair, he called out to Henry, to

insist on his not advancing further, lest he should share his fate, which, under the impression of the moment, he declared to be utterly without hope.

"Then I will share it!" cried Harry.

In an instant sir Francis feels the crumbling soil pattering on his head—the rock itself against which he leans seems removing—the incessant brawl of the water seems heightened to confusion—and again his senses are stunned—his recollections confounded; but in another moment he finds himself closely embraced—strained to the breast of one whose heart throbs against his bursting bosom, and whose well-known voice whispers in his ear, "Take comfort, comfort, my dear, *dear* father!"

"Astonishing! is it you, Harry? how could you be so mad? the slight rock on which you stand will give way in a few moments, and then——"

"We shall sink *together*, sir; and I shall die happy in the belief that—but courage!

if you can use me as a ladder, I have no doubt but from some projecting point of the rock we may—"

The hope was vain; there was no projecting point, not even a loose shrub, on which hope could build, or agility effect escape.

Harry was, however, strong; he shouted aloud; the woods rang with his voice; and he had not sustained his situation long, ere it was heard, and one of the men meeting Edward, who had now entered on the search, conducted him towards the place; but, breathless with the ascent and the agitation, the voice of their friend was not heard, to cheer the sufferers.

Never were two human beings apparently more cut off from human help, nor from self-exertion. Henry, too, soon discovered that every effort he could make only precipitated destruction; and that, in his anxiety to relieve or share the danger of his venerated friend, he had in fact increased it to him and by appropriating it

himself, had added to the afflictions of the father and the husband, who incessantly repeated—"Oh, Harry, you should have remembered your mother!"

Still his motives could not be mistaken; they made a demand on the heart it was ever ready to answer, and Henry was sensible that a species of affecting comfort mingled with his sorrow, as he strained him to his breast, leaned upon his shoulder, and thanked Heaven for hearing him in the moment of extremity.

"Yes," said Harry, "he thanks God for *me*—he feels me to be *his* comfort—I am a blessing to him—thank God, I have lived to be his blessing!"

For a few moments tears were on the cheeks of both; and both, though silent, felt a sweet, though sad and awful intercourse of spirit.

It was interrupted by Edward Sefton, who was now near to them, and when being informed of their situation by his companion, who was aware of it, from his knowledge of the mountain, contented himself

with cheering them, and promising instant help; and recollecting at this moment the extraordinary personal prowess and courage of the rival he had just left, he dispatched the boy in quest of him, as we have seen.

Henry was convinced that instant help must be indeed accorded; sir Francis was now drenched completely with the dashing of the spray, and he leaned upon him so helplessly, that he was convinced nothing less than the utmost effort of energy, in a strong mind, prevented him from fainting; and the perpetual crumbling of the crisp soil on which they stood, threatened destruction every moment to both. Clasping the baronet still closer to his breast, with the only arm he could use, he called once more, in a loud, yet tremulous voice, which indicated fully to Edward the necessity of immediate succour. Happily his mind was ever prompt and firm—his heart as fearless as his manners mild; in a moment, with equal celerity and wisdom, he seized the

tartan plaids of the two men who were with him, and fastening them strongly together, at their utmost length, lowered them down the rock, stationing the men in such a manner as to give all the advantage of strength to them, being well aware that a sudden jerk might cost the lives of all; whilst throwing himself along the edge of the rock, he bent his eye downward, to assist by strength, or counsel, the ascension of the sufferers.

When sir Francis became sensible of the means offered for his relief, he urged Henry to avail himself of them, but declared himself unable, from extreme weakness; and that he would be rather left alone to his fate, than adventure being thus dashed to atoms.

In agony indescribable the unhappy youth perceived that all he dreaded hung over him; nature was exhausted with fasting, fatigue, and terror; he strove to rouse the lingering spark by entreaty, by re-assurance; in vain; he therefore assumed the high tone of command and reproach; he

awoke a spark of pride, of confidence; the man returned to himself; and then he called on him to trust in God—to hail the deliverance his providence alone could have sent; and as he spoke, he placed the trembling hands of the baronet on the plaid, and lifting him with all his strength, gave signal to those above to draw their inestimable burden.

The baronet became sensible of the motion which drew him, as it were, from the jaws of a frightful grave; and conscious that in another moment the supporting hand which was his best comfort must be withdrawn, grasped the leash which held him with a stronger hand: he rises gently—his foot finds its last resting-place on the shoulder of Henry—his hand gently raised it—the tender pressure of his trembling fingers is still felt—they are now lost; but a voice, not less kind than even Henry's, meets his ear; a kind hand fastens on his arm—he rises—and Edward, in breathless agitation, exclaims—" He is safe!"

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Henry, involuntarily dropping on his knees.

Instantly a hideous crash is heard; the mound, long quaking beneath its burden, has given way, and he is precipitated into the mass below. Henry is now become the victim of his courage and affection.

The baronet's foot had not yet touched the ground; horror-struck, his palsied hands refuse their grasp, and, in another instant, he too must have been dashed to pieces; but Edward held him, and by the commanding powers of a mighty mind, triumphing over the agony of his heart, preserved at least one victim from the cruel rack. Inspired by his words and his example, the men instantly seize *him*; and withdrawing him gently from the slippery edge of the rock, they draw likewise the exhausted, heart-struck, and now senseless baronet.

In a few moments sir Francis opened his eyes; he perceived Edward, and heard his voice; another too was heard, which

appeared to recall his senses; but, alas! it was not Henry's, and his soul turned sickening from all other.

The boy now advanced with Donald Mackenzie, who was eager to help, and powerful to achieve; but, alas! Henry seemed past all help; to their repeated calls no answer was given; but Edward determined to explore every pass, and find him, dead or alive. He besought Donald to take himself the charge of carrying the baronet immediately home, and breaking his sad condition gently to his lady and Louisa; and, as he spoke, he did it in such a tone of confidence and friendship, that Donald's heart was penetrated with the injustice he had been guilty of, and his manly cheek glowed with shame.

He was on the point of confessing how far he had been deceived in the conclusions he had made, but Edward was out of sight; the boy and old Archy were with him, the latter having, with the master of the house, just arrived on this eventful spot. He now took a share in the charge, and wrapping

the baronet in his own plaid, they united in carefully conveying him to that hospitable mansion from which he had so unhappily strayed.

When they had cleared the mountain, and were enabled to discern the female group, who were now at a considerable distance from the dwelling, the considerate host resigned his share of the charge, and stepping hastily forward, informed lady Mowbray that sir Francis was safe, but he feared would be found bruised and unwell.

Thankful for even such information, both mother and daughter hastened, as quickly as their alarmed hearts and trembling limbs admitted, towards the advancing group.

Sir Francis heard their voices, and, fearful of increasing their distress, requested the men to stop. Mackenzie saw his intention, and kindly supported him in his arms.

From those arms which had preserved her mother, Louisa received her father; she had not the slightest doubt but they had rescued him from destruction; her

gratitude, her admiration, were wound up to the highest pitch; and the tender pity which had so lately melted her heart for an unhappy wanderer, was again exchanged for veneration of the godlike hero: and when her dear, *dear* father's accents were heard, feebly, but fondly, blessing her, hardly could she restrain herself from falling at the feet of Donald, and blessing him also.

Sir Francis was bled by the minister of the parish, and, beneath his kind care, placed in a warm bed, by which sat his gentle lady, administering every lenitive in her power to his sufferings; but, alas! her very lenitives destroyed all possibility of repose to the tortured mind of sir Francis, for she kept perpetually wishing that Henry would return—that Henry could know he was safe.

The tortured husband groaned in the extreme of misery as he heard this; he dreaded the sorrow *she* was doomed to suffer, if possible, still more than he lamented the

fate of that noble boy, who was immolated to him by principle and affection unparalleled. It had been agreed upon, that until the return of Edward from his now hopeless expedition, the fate of Henry should be wholly concealed; but the concealment and the sorrow he felt, added to past sufferings, was altogether too much for sir Francis, and he appeared fast verging to a delirious fever.

In the meantime, Edward Sefton had, by a circuitous route, entered the glen, and pursued the streamlet towards its fall, over immense masses of rock, which not only prevented him from seeing objects behind them, but, by continually fretting the gurgling waters, rendered his voice useless, while in the varying sounds which met his ears, the groans and dying murmurs of his earliest friend seemed perpetually to meet his ear, and reproach him for delay. During this period, perhaps, it was impossible for even Henry's sufferings to be more acute than *his*; and his fatigue was such as

appeared incredible for a form so slight as his to undergo.

At length he reaches the terrible basin; his eye in terror looks round for the mangled form of his beloved friend; but the spray dashes around a thick mist, as if to hide its prey; a giddiness comes over his senses—he is sick at heart—he staggers back to a fragment of the rock, against which he leans, and where at length old Archy finds him, takes him gently by the arm, and leads him to a spot more sheltered from the foam and dropping of the water.

" Take a wee drap o' the whisky, yer honour; 'twill help ye on wi' this sorrowfu sarch; oh, if *ye* sink, weel may auld Archy fa!"

The tenderness of Archy's voice, and the necessity of supporting himself, induced Mr. Sefton to accept the old man's offer; though he had not yet learnt to bear whisky; but who shall conceive the revulsion of his feelings, when, just as he put the bottle to his lips, he distinctly heard a voice cry shrilly and distinctly, " Save a drop! save a drop!"

Edward started, threw down the bottle, which Archy more wisely caught, declaring, that if the voice was not a warlock's,* 'twas maister Harry's ain, alive and merry.

They proceeded a few yards, and beheld the object of their search just behind the place where Archy had placed Sefton; he was nearly covered with the white mist that rose from the water, and was so completely wedged in a bed of soft sand, as to be wholly unable to move, so that although the old man had declared truly that he was alive, nothing could be less true than that he was merry; his cry was the desperate effort of one who sees life before him, at the very moment when he had begun to despair.

By their united efforts he was soon extricated from a situation which a few hours longer could not have failed to render fatal, as every effort he had made for extricating himself had only ended in plunging him still deeper in the toils. It

* A species of fairy, but of a malignant character.

was found that he had not sustained any wound, but his limbs were so completely benumbed, as to retain no appearance of life, or power of doing its offices; but, as the sun was now risen, and shed his genial rays on the ground where they had laid him, and he took the remainder of Archy's whisky with great eagerness, Edward trusted he would soon be restored to health; and after rubbing him a short time, he asked the happy old man if he could assist him in bearing such a precious burden homeward?

"Will I not take him on my ain back, think ye? yes, surely I will!"

But this Edward would not permit; he would assist in carrying him, he declared.

Henry, recovering from the degree of stupor caused alike by the whisky and the wonderful change that had naturally taken place in his feelings, earnestly entreated that they would endeavour to drag him between them, being convinced, he said, that the exercise and even the contusions thus

given to his legs might be beneficial, and probably restore them to animation.

This plan was followed happily, though extremely painful to all parties, and it was a considerable time before they reached the house; but being met by several who were in extreme anxiety about Henry's fate, relief was administered to Edward and his aged coadjutor, and one was dispatched with the joyful news of Henry's safety.

Happily for lady Mowbray, she had not doubted it, being persuaded that his fears for sir Francis had led him beyond his knowledge of the place, and that he could not return until he had procured a guide. She was treading on tiptoe in the room, vainly hoping that sir Francis would sink to repose, when Edward, who knew too well what must be passing in his mind, ventured to step in, and, in a low voice, informed sir Francis that Henry was safe, and would be shortly in the house.

"Oh no, no!" cried the baronet, "I know it is impossible; I thank you for this

last act of friendship, but it is of no use to deceive me."

Lady Mowbray, in breathless agitation, flew towards the bed. She was almost convulsed with dread of some new and unknown evil, which she felt to be insupportable in her present frame of mind; she was bereft of all power of speech, her eyes were wildly fixed on Edward, who recoiled from their expression, but yet endeavoured by a smile to reassure her.

At this moment the door opened, and Donald appeared, bearing in the object of their cares, who insisted on seeing sir Francis ere he was taken to bed; Louisa was holding his hand between hers, smiling through her tears, and exhorting him to be very tractable, and he would soon be well.

The mother beheld her son, and sunk senseless on the floor; this very circumstance, by restraining the joy of sir Francis, rendered his mind more capable of that chastened sense of good, which now stole, with benignant influence, over his harrass-

ed spirits, and disposed him to the composure absolutely necessary for his health. As he perceived his dear wife regain life and comfort, and saw the welcome drops revisit her pale cheek, which bespoke gratitude to Heaven; whilst her affectionate and excellent son kissed her, and reassured her of his safety, and retired to his chamber, he became able silently to adore this singular dispensation of divine goodness; and, in the happy complacency of faith, and exercise of love, he soon afterwards sunk into a profound and salubrious sleep.

It was now apparent to the family that Edward was little less a sufferer than those who were professedly invalid; and whilst he took his breakfast, so much sage advice was administered to him, accompanied with a gentle soporific, that he was easily induced to visit his friend, and partake his repose.

Lady Mowbray would not quit sir Francis, nor would she allow herself a partner in her watchings, lest the singularity of these occurrences should tempt them into

conversation, which might prove detrimental to him she thus tenderly guarded. From this circumstance, Louisa, at a time when her heart was most alive to all the sensibility of her nature, most moved by compassion, most awake to heroism, was left to the dangerous contemplation of that extraordinary being, whose wonderful endowments, and mysterious situation, were most likely to elicit an overweening interest in his favour, from a mind alive alike to excellence, compassion, and gratitude.

The elder Mrs. Stewart was by no means pleased with this young man, whom she thought headstrong and romantic; the younger was, like her worthy spouse, much engaged with providing for the comfort of their mutual guests, so that it was not difficult for Donald to find an hour in which to speak to Louisa of those things in which she was every way predisposed to feel interest. The situation of her father led her to give a willing ear to Donald, as, regretting his own early loss of parents, he spake

of "those distressful strokes which his youth suffered;" but never did he appear to her half so truly engaging, as when, in speaking of Edward Sefton, he acknowledged, with all the ingenuous frankness of a noble heart, that he had behaved unjustly and unkindly to him the evening before; and declared, that he would study to deserve the friendship of one who appeared to him as virtuous as he was amiable.

Of some men it is said, that they are never good company till they have taken a glass too much; and of many we may remark, that they never appear so good as when they have been bad; they apologize for error so gracefully—in lamenting a small vice, display a great virtue so very engagingly, that we are almost led to rejoice in the fault which produced such a superabundant compensation; this was precisely the case with Donald, even in addressing an indifferent person (if any one could be found indifferent to him); how much more must this quality take

effect on a mind like Louisa's!—poor girl, before this single day was over, she was "gone whole ages in love;" the fears, the cares of her father, as to the past, and his hopes as to the future, seemed as effectually lost as if the life of the beloved had been devoted to her service: the time, the age, the country, the circumstances of the parties considered, will fully account for it to others; Louisa did not suspect it in herself; she fancied only that she was justly grateful to a very extraordinary man, for very extraordinary services.

In two days sir Francis left his room; but a severe rheumatism, in despite of his cares, still held the limbs of Henry, who was otherwise well, and able to jest on the ludicrous appearance he cut when begging for a drop of whisky, which Archy persisted in asserting had saved his life.

Henry had not yet presented him with the annuity, intending it for a farewell present, in order that he might escape all

thanks or remonstrances, or perhaps refusal on the occasion, for he had frequently observed, the pride of the Highlander, in refusing all pecuniary acknowledgment, kept pace with the hospitality and affection which induced them to offer service. Conversing on the whisky, however, led him to inquire into the means Archy had for procuring " a drop," and to say he hoped, that as he used it prudently, he would never be without it.

" That will I not, maister, sae lang as I may ; but whan the time cooms, Archy, like auther auld men past ther dee, maun want his wee drappie."

Archy's head fell on his breast, and his thin grey locks dropt over his cheek. As he shook them back, Henry perceived that a tear was on that cheek ; his own rose freely to his eyes ; he hastily took his pocket-book from his pillow, and taking out the annuity bond, he said, eagerly —" Never, *never*, my good friend ! Here are some English guineas, the first quarter of an annuity, that will, I trust, always

fill your little bottle for yourself and the perishing stranger."

For a moment Archy hung back, saying with great trepidation—"Young mon, I didna follo ye for the loo o' siller." But when he was assured that his motives were understood, and respected properly, he took the bond freely and thankfully; saying, as he did it,—"'Tis aw reet this! It becomes ye weel to mak me rich, and be it yer comfort as mich as mine, that ye *have done it nobly*."

"Surely," said Henry to himself, "this man is generous; that which he receives he could have given."

The moment Henry could leave his room, they prepared to depart, and now thought it advisable to go home direct, as it was time for him to join his regiment. Sir Francis was, however, determined to view the place from which he had been so miraculously rescued, not merely from motives of curiosity, but in order to quicken his gratitude to Heaven, and retrace, as far as possible, his own feelings at the

time, and see the still more extraordinary escape of Henry, for whom he now felt not only affection, but the warmest gratitude, and whom he approached from this time less as a son whom he loved, than a friend in whom he trusted.

Sir Francis wished to save lady Mowbray the horror such a scene could not fail to inspire her with, knowing that her mind would long retain the severe sensations it was calculated to inspire; but aware that every painful impression is evanescent in youth, he wished to make Louisa the companion of this little expedition.

Archibald was their guide, and was not a little proud of exhibiting the exact place from which he had assisted to draw out young maister. As Louisa beheld the terrific spot, and perceived the traces of her father's deliverance, as she gazed now upon him, and now on the dreadful spot which had threatened to tear him from her for ever, all other images vanished from her mind; she was again a daughter, *solely* a daughter; she sunk into his arms, she

burst into a flood of tears, and then kneeling on the grass, she inwardly vowed never to forget her father, never to lose a sense of what she owed him, nor the feeling which now filled her whole soul with emotion.

Sir Francis, as he watched her lips move, guessed in part what was passing in her mind, and as he raised her tenderly, and pressed her to his bosom, he fervently thanked God for having blessed him with two children so worthy of his love; and after descanting on the extraordinary attachment of Henry, he said—"And I hope, Louisa, you will never lose sight of what I owe my deliverer also; the time may come, my love, when the daughter's affections may make him rich amends for saving the father's life."

A quick succession of glowing blushes rose through the frame of Louisa; the hand her father held trembled in his, and the difficulty with which she said "it was impossible for her to forget what she owed him," assured the baronet that his daugh-

ter's wishes coalesced with his own, and that in *remembering* Edward, she would do it as much for her own sake as his. But, alas! Edward was not in all her thoughts.

The father and daughter returned to their party silent but happy, each deeply meditating on that which was the nearest to the heart; before they reached the house, she perceived Donald slowly pacing backward and forward, "with melancholy steps and slow." Loüisa's blushings returned quick upon her; she tripped past him with a hurried step, hastened into the house, and affected to plunge into all the bustle which lady Mowbray was sharing with her maid preparatory to departure.

Not so sir Francis; thankful to God, and full of good will towards man, he had frequently ruminated on the scene in the glen to which he had become an unwilling witness, and he felt deeply solicitous to remove the uneasiness which he was aware preyed at this moment on the mind of this young man. For a moment he thought the present was a happy time

to inquire as a friend into the past history and future prospects of him whom he wished to serve; but remembering that it was very possible that Mrs. Stewart could give him a sufficient insight into the former, to make him judge of the latter, he followed his daughter into the house, and fortunately found her alone, her son having gone with the two other young men to visit the grave of Fingal, and her daughter being engaged with the servants.

After some preliminary observations, ever necessary to inquiring after any member of a clan who appears in need of assistance, sir Francis ventured to ask if Mr. Donald Mackenzie was of any profession?

"I believe he professes himself to be a herdsman, or a farmer, or a husbandman. Were you to ask him, sir Francis, if he were a profession, he would answer 'yes, sir, I am a son of Adam, and, like him, expect that the world, which was created

for my use, will yield me my subsistence."

"But have his friends given no direction to his talents?"

"Oh yes, sir; it has been the particular request of his uncle, lord Glenfalloch, that he should study the legislature of his country, and he has amply provided him the means of improvement; but having chosen to go into the army himself, he has thought proper to abandon his uncle altogether, although there is very little doubt but that if he had condescended to have explained himself, his wishes would have been complied with; as it is natural to suppose that his lordship is partial to his own profession, although, from knowing its troubles, and being anxious that his only relative should marry, he preferred engaging him in civil life."

"I think this youth told us he was brought up by a female relative."

"He *was*, sir, by the aunt of his father, Mrs. Barbara Mackenzie—a woman of great worth, but unhappily a woman of genius, who had lived in the Highlands

till she thought the rest of the world a desert, its inhabitants lost in ignorance, and tainted with every vice. Unluckily the last few years of her life introduced her to some knowledge of the French revolution, of which she just made as much use as to confirm all her former peculiarities; and while she loathed its crimes, she yet countenanced a considerable number of its sophisms; and until this boy was turned fourteen, he heard of nothing but the natural independence of man, his amazing energies, his inherent rights, his simple wants, and such nonsense."

"It must be allowed that she formed him to be a very extraordinary person, madam. In general, maiden ladies make weak, effeminate persons; he is hardy, robust, and courageous. He does his foster-mother credit."

"Nature did much more than her, sir Francis; and after all, a good school more still; while she talked of hardening, she yet pampered him, and while she preached of independence, she made him selfish.

She died luckily in time to leave him capable of being mended; he went to a good school, from thence to college, where his eloquence made such a good report, that his uncle who supported him, wished him to study the law, which he then began to dislike, because he determined not to be guided. He then got into debt, on which his uncle remonstrated with him; this twofold insolence was not to be borne, so he left St. Andrews for Edinburgh, where he found many admirers, many pleasures, and more difficulties; and when pressed by them, in an hour of despondency he revived his boyish doctrines about independence and liberty, and ran away to his foster-father in the Highlands, on whom, in plain English, he has been dependent ever since."

"This is but a boyish frolic then, after all, madam?"

"Certainly not; but it indicates exactly that petulance and stubbornness which I always told Mrs. Barbara would arise sooner or later from her new-fangled doctrines.

I remember once when I prevented this boy from breaking the windows with his ball, he told me that I had no right to curb his energies. At another time, when he ate my son's share of a custard I had divided between them, he told me that he acted from his impulses. Fine talk indeed! all instilled by Mrs. Barbara; and I need not till *you*, sir Francis, that women of genius are any thing but sensible women."

"But this young fellow has too much sense not to have overcome the follies of which you speak; he has none of this jargon, or, I trust, this conduct, now-a-days?"

"Not the jargon certainly, he is too fashionable for that; even we who live out of the world, know that the French revolution is quite out of fashion; but depend upon it, the seeds are not expelled, nor will they till time, and much knowledge, perhaps much suffering, have driven them out. I have a family love for Donald, after all, and while I disapprove his con-

duct, which throws him out of a world in which he has a right to move, I yet most sincerely wish him well, and shall be most thankful to see him return to what I consider reason and duty."

Sir Francis did not despair of compassing this most desirable point, and he knew enough of human nature to know, that although a man may be very proud and very touchy when he is poor, yet if properly managed, he is generally very pliable also; he therefore approached this misguided youth with delicacy, reasoned with him tenderly, yet forcibly, and at length induced him to lean upon him as a friend, and thankfully accept from him a mediation with his uncle, to whom he was personally a stranger.

This point settled, sir Francis presented him with a sum for his immediate expences, which he did not think proper to refuse, though the acceptance was not gracious. The conference ended with an invitation of sir Francis to accompany him to England, as the readiest means of introduction to

his uncle, or of procuring a commission in the army, which appeared to be the first object of his wishes.

When sir Francis communicated this conversation to the good lady to whom he was indebted for information, he was surprised to see with what pleasure she heard it, and what true gratitude sparkled in her eyes. From this circumstance he became the more fully assured, that what she had said was the result of real good will, and dispassionate observation, and of course he was the more inclined to credit it; but he perceived how strong the tie of relationship really subsisted among the clans, since to oblige even an erring brother, was to confer a favour on all; and he said—"Well may a people so united be prosperous abroad, and invincible at home."

In the evening when the pilgrims to the tomb of Fingal returned, and the party were assembled for the last time to their evening meal, sir Francis announced to his family that Mr. Donald Mackenzie would accompany them to England.

Louisa became red as scarlet, Edward pale as ashes: Henry alone found a tongue to say—"he was heartily gald of it."

Sir Francis added—"You have the most right to rejoice, Harry, for it is very probable that your companion may be a durable one. Mr. Donald wishes to go with you to the Peninsula; he knows the value of Highland soldiers there."

Louisa became white as her gown, and Edward's colour rose again to his lips and animated his countenance.

Little more was said. The evening, if not absolutely sorrowful, was yet pensive; esteem of more than a common cast was felt by each family for the other, and the distance that was about to separate them seemed in the moment of sadness to be interminable.

To the hearty invitations given by sir Francis and lady Mowbray, their host truly declared he would bring his bonnie bride, as soon as he was able, to see a country she had never visited; but he was afraid a year or two must pass first. The baronet

determined to obviate all difficulties, but he could not promise this; he was aware of the obstacles and the wishes of this worthy young man with respect to the inclosure of some lands wherein parliamentary influence was wanted, and he had already exerted himself to procure it.

As Henry was still a little lame in his feet, he took a seat in the barouche. Edward and Donald agreed to set out at an early hour on horseback, and prepare for their accommodation at Stirling. When this proposal was acceded to, Edward certainly felt a little pleasure spring in his heart, from the idea that he should ride Louisa's mare, and that he would treat the gentle creature with all the kindness she was wont to receive from her mistress; but his hopes were suddenly quenched by Louisa saying to Donald, as she wished him good-night—"You will find my Fanny the pleasantest creature you ever rode; but remember she has not been used to your rugged roads."

Sir Francis, though still delicate in his

health, was up early, and went into the stable to inspect the state of his horses; he perceived old Archy, though himself very low spirited, yet exerting himself to comfort Sawney, who was preparing to depart for Killin, having bade a long, probably an eternal farewell, to the last Mackenzie of Vanaleich.

"I tell ye, Sawney, the tears were in his een when he said fareweel tull ye."

"Eh, Archy, but the goud were in his pouch."

"He did na think ye waunted it, mon; he geed ye back the 'bacco box yestreen, ye ken."

"Nor did I want a baubee frae him, either o' my ain or his; but when I seed him gi the gouden ginnea to a bairn that waunted nout, think ye he shuldn't a remembered my auld wifie, wha ha robbed hersel this twa moonth o' her te, an her bannacks for him? Waes my heart, he's my ain, as 'twere, but he's nae Mackenzie i'th' saul o' him; I ken him weel."

Sir Francis could not avoid hearing

this; he was hurt with this trait in the character of his *protegée,* but he remembered that young people are frequently thoughtless, even where they mean to be kind. He took care that the "gude wifie" should be well rewarded for her privations; nor did he leave one creature in the circle unblest by his bounty; and the family drove off amid such a burst of feeling, of smiles and tears, sorrow and thanks, as almost overcame them all.

They arrived at the ancient city of Stirling safe; but were mortified on learning that letters waited there for Harry, which rendered it necessary that he should proceed, with all possible expedition, to Falmouth; and such was his anxiety to obey their contents, that he determined to proceed that very night—"I will not," said he to Edward, "stop a single hour (except at York)."

"You have no business—I mean, no occasion to go through York."

"How you talk! I would not leave the

kingdom without attempting to see Antonia again for the world."

"You surprise me; I really thought that lover's leap, or tumble down the precipice, had cured your passion as effectually as the rock of Leucadia could have done, for I never heard you mention her name since then, till this moment."

"Why, I really thought so myself; but somehow, ever since I set my face towards England, she has run in my head."

There was no time for further conference; a chaise and four was at the door, a fond mother was weeping near it, and a father in-law, still more overcome than her, was pacing restlessly in the passage.

"Oh!" cried Louisa, in agony, "what a thing is this! so sudden, so very sudden—before he is got well, before——"

"That is the thing; I know he never will take care of himself," cried lady Mowbray; "he will never have his legs rubbed—the rheumatism will return upon him, and——"

"I will go with him myself," said the baronet; "I am determined on it; he was ever the most careless creature that existed, and now——"

"My dear sir—madam!—I will go with him; you can trust him with me?"

"Will you indeed?" cried lady Mowbray; "oh, you make me very happy!"

"And me!" said Louisa, eagerly, "oh, you quite comfort me!"

For a moment the fine eyes of Edward darted a beam of joy; to give Louisa comfort was delightful, yet to make her very happy by departing, was painful. As he withdrew his eye, it glanced on Donald, and a dagger seemed to transfix his heart. Before he had time to subdue its emotions, the last kiss was given—the last farewell uttered—and the crack of whips, the clang of wheels, and the reiterated thanks of Henry, taught him to know that he was every instant flying from Louisa—yet surely obliging her by his flight; and he was well aware her heart was very grateful.

After the carriage had driven off, the

mother and sister freely indulged their tears; and Donald, with equal feeling and politeness, withdrew for the evening. Sir Francis struggled to appear the philosopher, and in doing so only increased his own trouble.

They were in a short time relieved by a new grievance. The groom entering, said—"He was sorry to come in at sitch a time as this, when, to be sure, every body was in trouble enough; but he was sure, if something wasn't done soon, it would be all over wi the poor cratur."

"What poor creature, Watkins? I don't understand ye."

"Why, sir, my young lady's mare, as the young gemman have galloped to death, as one may say. It be no fault of mine, your honour; I told un over and over, he can't deny it, as how she couldn't stand it; an if you'll please to step an see the pickle she's in, why then you'll be satisfied, sir Francis."

"Did Mr. Sefton ride my mare?" cried Louisa, starting from her seat.

"He, Miss! no, he'd scorn for to hurt a mouse. 'Twas the cattle-driving gemman, with his long legs, as have killed she."

Sir Francis went instantly into the stable. Louisa had loved her mare, even to a fault, as she did every thing; but the grief she had begun to feel for it was wonderfully checked by the offence which Watkins had very innocently given her, and which awoke far more anger than she had ever felt in her whole life before. Indignation dried her tears for Henry's departure, and prevented them from flowing for her Fanny; and the accusations she made against Watkins roused even her mother from despondency, and shewed her but too clearly the state of her daughter's feelings. She became alarmed for her, and for her father too, being well aware that his present conduct towards Donald was merely the result of his benevolence, and that he fondly cherished the idea of seeing in his child a reciprocal affection for Edward; under this idea, she persuaded Louisa to go immediately to bed,

saying she would make her adieus to sir Francis.

Louisa, conscious of her disorder, withdrew gladly; and soon after sir Francis entered, evidently in great chagrin; and observing his daughter's absence, said, with an air of much vexation—"I am heartily glad the poor child is gone to bed; but you must caution Prescott against telling her, my dear; it is all over with the mare, or must be over in the morning—that fellow is a brute!"

"He did not know what he was doing. I am very sorry for the poor creature, very sorry indeed; can nothing be done?"

"Oh no; poor Louisa will be heart-broke."

"She will be very much hurt indeed—well she may."

A gleam of consolation sprang in the mind of sir Francis; though he felt assured that she felt the preference she professed in the glen for *his* deliverer, yet there was something in her manner of lending her mare to Donald, which had pained him;

and he felt now as if he should not be sorry to see her angry at him, for having not only destroyed the mare, but slighted her caution; and, under the consolation this afforded, he retired to rest.

When Louisa came down stairs the following day, the first person she saw was her father. Conscious of the emotions she had entertained the evening before, and newly informed of the fate of her favourite, though not by the officious, and still unforgiven Watkins, she was overpowered by both recollections, and rushing into her father's arms, she freely indulged her tears.

But widely different was the event from all the baronet had foreseen; Donald's compassion for the suffering animal was so acute, his contrition so strong, that Louisa found it impossible to see him suffer so severely; she conquered her own sincere grief, to remove his mutable chagrin; and the baronet saw with surprise an exertion of mind, which, on similar occasions, he had in vain endeavoured to excite. Either Louisa's mind was surprisingly matured, by

the intercourse with the world she had enjoyed this summer, or she was determined to emulate the character of Henry, and support her mother in this time of privation; thus teaching her affections to conquer her private feelings. This was precisely what he had ever prophesied she would one day attain; but, though he encouraged her by his smiles, and endeavoured to encourage himself in the belief that her cheerfulness was the effort of her duty, yet he could not help certain misgivings in his heart, which made him sincerely wish the journey was over. He had ceased to consider Donald a second Forrester, for he was afraid that his eccentricities proceeded from a very different disposition; and, though still anxious to do him good, he could not help regretting that ever they had met with him.

CHAP. V.

Under the impression which thus teased rather than alarmed him, Sir Francis lost no time in pursuing his way home, and when there, of inquiring whether lord Glenfalloch was still at lord Welbrooke's? and he found, in answer to these inquiries, that his lordship was then in London.

Sir Francis, although heartily tired of travelling, would have immediately set out to London with Donald; but lady Mowbray remarked, that to hurry in such a manner was certainly a breach of hospitality, and very unlike his general conduct.

"That may be," said the baronet, "but still——"

"It seems strange that the man to whom we both owe our lives should be the only man on the face of the wide earth who is not welcome at Sefton Park."

"That you may be thus obligated, I cannot deny, and though saved by the impulse of the moment, I do not wish to undervalue so dear, so inestimable an obligation; but why you bring *me* into the firm, I cannot imagine; I owe nothing to him beyond the commonest cares of humanity."

"My dear sir Francis, is it possible you do not know who rescued you when poor Henry's efforts were in vain? But, alas! you were senseless; but *I* can never forgot that I received you from the hands of Donald."

"Aye, Donald helped the men to carry me; but ask him yourself, and he will tell you what nothing short of modesty like his could have concealed, that it was to Edward Sefton I solely owed my life; *he* was my deliverer."

As this conversation was taking place, Louisa had been arranging a flowerpot. At the last words it fell from her hands, and her parents turning, saw her sinking on the floor. She had never fainted

before in her life; their alarm and distress were inconceivable.

When Louisa recovered her senses, she found herself in her father's arms, who bent over her with an air of such tender inquiry and real sorrow, as to awaken her fully to the sense of what had happened, and *how* it had happened. Her confusion was at this moment the greatest part of her affliction; she felt as if she had outraged the modesty of her own nature; she was overwhelmed not only with the consciousness of loving, but of having "told her love," and such was her trouble from the latter cause, that even her father's mistake, and disapprobation of her flame, appeared trifling in comparison. Gladly she took her mother's ready arm, and retired to her own chamber, leaving sir Francis oppressed with chagrin and vexation, fully participated by his lady, who felt equally for them both.

As soon as sir Francis could recover from the consternation he was in, he wrote a handsome letter to lord Glenfalloch, in-

forming him of the views and wishes of his nephew, and apologizing, as far as he was commissioned, for any circumstances in his late conduct which stood in need of excuse; he mentioned in high terms the gallantry and courage of his conduct, and expressed himself sincerely desirous of being permitted to do him service, but at the same time an utter rejection of the affectation of patronizing one whose friends were in fact much better qualified for advancing him than he could be.

This letter was scarcely dispatched when dinner was announced, and the object of it made his appearance. Louisa was indisposed, which accounted for the little party being completely out of spirits. Happily they were all relieved in the evening by the arrival of Sefton, who gave good accounts of the health of his friend Henry, who three days before had sailed with a fair wind for the Peninsula, full of the hopes of a soldier.

Edward might have added, "but the fears of a lover;" for every effort he had

made in York to gain a sight of Antonia, or even the least intelligence respecting her, had entirely failed. He had indeed been assured that she had left the convent, but he was persuaded this was only a feint to deceive him; and he went away more enraged than he had ever been against nunneries and Papists.

Mr. Sefton pressed the family to dine *en famille* with his mother the day following, whom he said was about to follow his father to Weymouth; and to this the baronet yielded so ready an assent, that Edward's fears for Louisa's indisposition were instantly dismissed, and for the first time in his life, he sat an hour at the Hall without wishing to see her enter.

Very different were the feelings that agitated Donald, ill disguised in his open countenance, and with his impetuous manners, every foot that stirred near the room drew his eye towards the door, from whence it returned with the strongest indication of disappointment, and even resentment; he felt as if she were avoiding him

one minute, the next as if she were kept from his sight intentionally; and his ardent spirit ill brooked the insult.

Sir Francis revolved the whole night what conduct he ought to pursue, and arose in the morning as indecisive as ever. It was his intention to see Louisa before she should enter the breakfast-room, but in this he was foiled, by finding her there. She looked pale, but there was an air of self-possession and calm dignity about her, which consoled him, and when Donald entered the room, and with all the eloquence and sincerity of joy, felicitated her on her health, she received the tribute as the common compliment called for, and did not betray either pleasure in the present moment, or shame for the past.

The father's eye glistened with delight, but remembering his late alarm, he did not omit the precaution yet necessary. Donald was engaged by him the whole morning in partridge-shooting, and had scarcely time to dress for their engage-

ment. On lady Mowbray appearing, she said that Louisa, although not positively ill, declined accompanying them, being fearful that the bustle of a large dinner might be too much for her.

Donald bit his lips, and walked to the window; sir Francis flew to his lady's dressing-room, where he found his daughter; her eyes were red, her air disordered, but she struggled to smile, and timidly offered her hand to the extended one of her father.

"My dear, good girl," said sir Francis, kindly kissing her, "I am sorry to leave you, but you are right, perfectly right."

Louisa could not speak, but she pressed her father's hand between both hers, and whispered an inarticulate adieu.

If Donald had been disappointed the evening before, still more so was poor Edward to-day, and the welcome he gave was almost checked ere it was uttered. On introducing them to his mother and the two youngest daughters, it was evident how much they were struck with the fine person

of Donald Mackenzie, who was received as the nephew of their valued friend. Lady Mowbray remarked that the viscountess looked much worse than when they parted with her, but her manners were evidently more open and friendly. One young gentleman, a college acquaintance of Edward's, was the only visitant. In a few minutes after their arrival, he led Donald to a distant window, to point out the direction of a covey of partridges; and as lady Welbrooke pursued the fine commanding form of the Highland youth down the room, she could not help exclaiming—"That is certainly the finest young man I ever beheld!"

"Oh, he is miraculously handsome!" said Adelaide.

"Yet I can assure you," said Edward, earnestly, "he does not look near so well as when dressed in the Highland garb; it becomes him prodigiously. Had Miss Mowbray been here, she would have assured you so as well as myself."

Sir Francis noted *this* among his charac-

teristics of this young man, whose animation passed away the moment he had performed this little act of justice. The idea that Louisa was suffering, lay heavy at his heart, and lady Mowbray's observation on his mother's pale looks added to the effect. It was evident, that although he struggled to go through the honours of the table cheerfully, yet that his spirits were suffering under some particular oppression. On the contrary, Donald recovered *his* in a great measure; the admiring glances of Adelaide were not lost upon him; he took the lead in conversation, and was by no means insensible of the pleasure and approbation he was so well calculated to excite, and was evidently not a little chagrined when the arrival of a note, expressly said to come from Miss Mowbray, checked the current of conversation.

Lady Mowbray read the note—"My poor uncle," said she, "is exceedingly ill, and wishes for me. Louisa received this information by an express, and says she is arran-

ging all things for our departure immediately."

"She is the best of all good girls," said the father, eagerly. The age and infirmities of the good general rendered it so little probable that he should survive any new attack, that every one saw the necessity of dispatch, and at the same time the impossibility of taking a stranger to her house so situated. For a moment lady Welbrooke thought of inviting Donald to remain with them; but knowing the volatility of Adelaide, and perceiving the attractions of the stranger, she hesitated.

Sir Francis read her fears—"I leave you, my young friend," said he, "unlimited master of Sefton Park, with leave to fire away at the birds, until I find you better employment: I wish with all my heart you could persuade Sefton to share your charge."

This speech rendered the mother easy. Edward returned in the baronet's coach, ostensibly as Donald's companion, in fact, to bid Louisa good-bye.

In half an hour she had set out with her parents for an indefinite term, and Edward's heart still sunk lower in his breast; a cold farewell was all that had passed her lips to him, and he was conscious that his manners had deserved, had even asked no more. But Donald had snatched a moment, as she crossed the hall, to whisper his fears for her health, his hopes of her return, in a voice so tender, she was too well assured that she had not cause to fear her own weakness was unfelt by him. A delightful sense of mutual feeling and exquisite sympathy took possession of her heart, not unaccompanied by renewed fear and confusion; and in the trepidation caused by these mingled feelings, she stepped into the carriage, and lost sight alike of the neglected and the idolized lover.

With many feelings in unison, there was yet no single point of sympathy between the lovers, and so sensible was Edward of this, that he determined immediately to return, convinced that Henry

would, like himself, prefer a solitary ramble to a constrained conversation, well knowing, by experience, that

> "Trackless hills, and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves,

are alike dear in the moment of sorrow or of hope. As, however, it was his duty to invite his return, he did so, and with some degree of surprise, found it accepted.

That Donald loved Louisa, Edward could not doubt, but that he was enabled to find consolation in the conversation, the music, or even the contemplation of Adelaide, he could not doubt either, since it was certain that with scarcely an invitation from himself or his mother, he contrived to spend many succeeding days there; and it was strange that with such high notions of independence, he could bring himself to overlook their coldness—a coldness very ungenial to their nature, but forced on Edward, from the belief that his sister might love hopelessly, and on the mother, from the earnest desire she felt to preserve her

daughters from loving at all, until time had matured their judgments.

While time was thus passing with one part of our friends, the other was very differently employed. The sands of life were now running very low with the last of the Deverells, but his decline was happily free from pain, and his reason was clear. To their great satisfaction, they found that notwithstanding the extreme haste with which he journeyed, Henry had found time, before he sailed, to address a long, affectionate letter to his uncle—an attention he now felt to be particularly soothing and acceptable. If young people were aware how sweetly these little attentions sooth the downhill of life, and console the spirits in the season when all around seems to shrink from the plant that withers ere it dies, they would seldom omit them. Until very lately, Louisa had never failed in writing; but this circumstance rendered the letter in question doubly grateful.

Louisa was kind and attentive, in the

highest degree, to the good old man, and whatever might be the state of her feelings, she evidently came out of herself to do service, and extend comfort to all around her; and never did the native sweetness of her temper appear more engaging, nor the activity of her mind and conduct appear to equal advantage. It is true, her spirits were low, but the occasion called for attempered cheerfulness, and denied the approach to mirth.

A few days after their arrival, a letter was forwarded to sir Francis from lord Glenfalloch, couched not only in the most respectful terms towards him, but with so much of kindness and hearty forgiveness towards his nephew, as entirely to remove all fears on his account. It mentioned being accompanied by one to his nephew, giving him a pressing invitation to P rtsmouth, where he then was, and mentioned an intention of sending him immediately abroad, agreeable to his own wishes, to partake the toils, and, as he hoped

share the laurels of their brave countryman, Graham.

Sir Francis had scarcely read this letter, which was forwarded by his steward by the post, before Donald Mackenzie himself stood before him, and making a hasty apology for intrusion, on the score of necessity, placed his uncle's letter in the baronet's hand.

"I congratulate you most sincerely," said the baronet; "the career of glory is before you, in the very path your best friends would wish it; and I am certain that it is offered in a way the proudest votary of independence might rejoice to accept—it comes from the hand of a friend, a relation, a parent."

Donald bowed in token of agreement.

"You are in so much better hands than mine, that it looks like presumption to say that I should be glad to contribute to your comfort; but if ever it should so happen that I can do it, or if *now* you will enable me, Mr. Mackenzie, to———"

"You are very good, sir Francis; my uncle is personally a stranger to me, and I—I—should certainly not like to ask him for money the first day of our acquaintance. I am sorry to say, that his omission in not sending me a trifle seems a very poor earnest of his services."

Sir Francis was surprised that Donald could want money, but he was not sorry for an opportunity of repaying obligation, and his assistance was given with equal frankness and promptness; but he could not help retracing their journey, and considering in what way it was possible for him to have disposed of the sum he had given him in the Highlands. He recollected, that on passing through Edinburgh, on their return, he had made only one call, which was to an artist, to whom himself and Henry had sat for their likenesses as they passed through the city before, and that when he pressed Donald to accompany him there, speaking highly of the entertainment he would receive from seeing specimens of Mr. Watson's talents, he had

nevertheless declined going entirely, and had spent the time in reading Bruce's Poems to the ladies; of course he could not have paid any debts or spent any money.

"Perhaps," said the baronet, internally, "he has wisely employed his solitude in looking over his little debts, and remitting the money. That must be the case; a young man of his sense must be well aware that to affect independence and contract debt is a flat contradiction: every creditor *is* a master, *may* be a tyrant."

After sir Francis had given this solution to his own doubts, Donald rose in his estimation, notwithstanding his implied dislike and suspicion of his uncle, which was particularly ill timed. He wished to have advised him on this head, but ever the most delicate of men, he felt he could not do it now, especially as Donald, in despite of the prospect which opened upon him, appeared dispirited and unhappy, more willing to linger than fly even to the possession of what he desired.

The kind heart of sir Francis ached for him; thinking as he did himself, that *his* Louisa was the most lovely and engaging of all her sex, and considering in how many endearing points of view this young man must have seen her, he could not doubt but she had made a lively impression on his heart—a heart which he knew was ardent in all its pursuits, and alike warm in attachments as resentments; but the more he was sensible of this, the more he became desirous of for ever damping his hopes, without openly opposing his wishes; thus saving him at once from future disappointment, and fruitless opposition to one from whom he had received favours, that, under such circumstances, could not fail to be galling.

Sir Francis felt the more for Donald, because he was convinced that his dependent situation, his total want of fortune, and even his profession, alike prevented him from endeavouring to interest Louisa, or at least from making her any positive professions of love. His high sense of

honour he could have trusted, but he wished him not to be tempted too far, and still more to save Louisa, who had, in his opinion, been much the greater sufferer. He was therefore determining in his own mind to prevent any farther interview, which in the present state of the family might be easily managed, when Louisa, pale and breathless, rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Oh, sir! my mother! it is all—all over!"

Death, though hourly expected, is ever sudden at last. Sir Francis rushed up stairs, and beheld his wife leaning over her last relative, whose altered countenance gave indication of the awful change that was taking place, and had inspired Louisa with that terror which induced her naturally to fly to him for support. She now found herself in the room with the very man she most dreaded (though she loved) to behold, and her spirits, already agitated, were now wholly overcome; she wished to follow her father, but her trembling feet refused their office;

she sunk upon a sofa near her, and burst into tears.

Donald approached her with an air of no common sympathy; he addressed to her many soothing words; but in adverting to his own immediate departure, he inflicted a wound no words could find a balm to cure. Lonisa struggled hard not only to repress her feelings, but to hide them; but whether she succeeded ill, or whether Donald was deficient in resolution, there is no saying, but certain it is, that with all the trepidation of love, all the warmth of his own nature, and the hurrying pressure of his situation, he professed to love her; and declared that nothing less than his unbounded passion would have induced him to quit his beloved country, and the independence he gloried in, and submit once more to the trammels his soul abhorred.

Louisa could not hear this declaration without feeling the sweetest joy of which the youthful bosom is capable spring up in hers. For many days she had been deeply

depressed, from the sense of having permitted a passion to rise in her heart, for one who had never declared that he felt a preference for her; and the dignity and modesty of her nature was mortified, as much as her sensibility was wounded by the idea. But now she felt as if she had a right to love, for she too was beloved; a delightful sense of sympathy and repose sprung in her mind, and soothed all its asperities; but happily it was succeeded by an immediate sense of impropriety, and the confusion of conscious error; and although neither her voice nor her eyes indicated refusal to his suit, nor unkindness to his person, she instantly arose, saying—"This is not a time, Mr. Mackenzie, to—to—I must leave you —I must go to my mother—"

"I know you must; but, dearest Miss Mowbray, consider my situation; I too may be torn from you for ever—I go to a service of danger; perhaps we may never meet again; say only you will not forget me."

"Forget!" re-echoed Louisa; "no, I will not—I certainly shall *never* forget you!"

By a desperate effort Louisa reached the door; she met her father on the stairs, who took her hand in silence, and led her to her mother's chamber; her tears and her tremor were alike accounted for, by the awful event which had this moment taken place; and the baronet, fully occupied by it, did not suspect that any change in her feelings had occurred, and he was full of hope for the issue of the conflict which he believed she was sustaining.

But, alas! in this short period, the most momentous circumstance had occurred; Louisa had adopted the idea that her love for Donald was sanctioned by the declaration of *his*; she had tasted the sweets of reciprocal love, that inebriating draught, which disqualifies the heart from recurring to the first simple pleasures bestowed by the ties of kindred, the claims of taste, or the goods of fortune; she had entered a new world, imbibed a new being; her

mind, her prospects, her very life, were no longer her own, or her parents; she was wholly devoted to Donald. Far from suspecting, or even considering him, as below herself, to her heated fancy and entranced heart he appeared only the hero it was a glory to captivate—a lover it was ambition to engage; his achievements, his endowments, his family, sanctioned her in forgetting the paltry considerations of fortune; and she was willing to conclude her father, who himself, at a sober age, had married only for love, would not oppose her wishes; since the gentle indications he had given of a preference for Edward Sefton, had never been carried any length, and she felt assured, that, like herself, he must be sensible of the superior merits of Donald.

This delirium could not last long; the object of it necessarily left the house; the master of that house, a kind and beloved relative, had breathed his last. Under the impression that objects of thought and subjects of mourning awakened, Louisa

was led to doubt of her father's acquiescence; and to remember, that although liberal, he was ever prudent; she feared, too, that his gratitude to Edward might operate so as to disannul the higher qualifications of Donald; but she comforted herself with the firm belief that her mother was the staunch friend of a Mackenzie.

It was happy for Louisa, that, from her earliest infancy, she had been both taught and led to enjoy her chief pleasures, and endure her only sufferings, through her sympathy with those she loved; for, at this time, she lost a great part of the pain of parting with him to whom she had surrendered her heart, through her attentions to her mother, and the grief she certainly experienced for one who was very dear to her, although his declining health had long rendered his dissolution a thing to be expected, and, to so good a man as the general really was, almost desired.

Sir Francis took care to show her how valuable her duteous attentions really were

to her mother; and took care, by giving her perpetual employment, to weaken the predilection she had been subject to; but, alas! he knew not how far it was rooted in her heart, and how much the sweet certainty of Donald's love enabled her to exert herself in the way he commended.

On the very day when the remains of general Deverell were committed to the ground, a letter was presented to Louisa by a servant, written by Donald, on the very eve of his embarking for Cadiz. Louisa could not refrain from reading this letter, yet she was sensible that she ought to show it to her mother; she felt fearful of this, and justified the reserve to herself, by the circumstances under which they all stood. Love is naturally timid, and even the most ingenuous minds shrink from disclosures of this nature; Louisa wished to have been asked to show this letter—she wished to inform her mother of all that had passed between her and Donald; but she could not help feeling as if he must be blamed, at least for the time he had cho-

sen for his confession; and her modesty rendered her unequal to asserting that it was the intensity of his passion which urged him to it. She thought on these views of the case, until the time passed by when she ought to have revealed it, and she then found herself unequal to it, since she had incurred the guilt of concealment.

There are cases in which courage is a virtue as necessary as the ally of sincerity; that without it the most open and amiable natures are liable to all the weaknesses and miseries which arise from indecision and crime. From concealing this letter, which contained nothing more than a passionate avowal of love, and a profession of earning glory for her sake, Louisa lost the advantage of knowing how decidedly her father preferred Edward, and expected her to act; and she nourished the passion she was called to conquer, by retracing it in this solacing form; for it need not be told how sweet was every word in this unequalled effusion, how often it banished sleep from her pillow, and how strongly it awoke

every graceful lineament, every animated speech, and every tender look of the writer: who that has held the first letter of the first beloved to their lips and their heart, but knows how Louisa cherished this precious document—how oft it stole her from her harp and her drawing—and how often from the cares of the toilet, which formed an excuse for the absence devoted to it?

Matters of importance drew sir Francis and his lady to different cares. By the late general Deverell's will, it appeared that Henry was to take immediate possession of his estates, on assuming the surname of Deverell; and to Louisa he had left his money, which amounted to twelve thousand pounds, of which she was to become the sole mistress on completing her eighteenth year; to sir Francis and his lady were left only some trifling mementoes of affection; and to his old servants annuities chargeable on the estate, which was much enlarged.

Sir Francis had so long accustomed himself to consider Henry as the sole heir to his great-uncle, that he felt as much surprise to find Louisa mentioned, as if her claims had not been as near as those of her brother-in-law; his first sensations were, therefore, those of gratitude; but the idea of her becoming independent so soon (as she was now nearly eighteen) was painful to him, although he gave the worthy testator credit for the kindness of his intentions, as it was explained in a codicil that he had done it on the supposition that she would be shortly married.

A very little time before this, the circumstance would have made no perceptible difference in the feelings of Louisa; but she now felt it was delightful to have a large sum of money to give Donald, and tears of gratitude flowed freely to the memory of the general.

Sir Francis was sole trustee; and when he had placed the affairs of the house on a proper footing, they returned home to

Sefton Park, whose velvet walks had been often trod by one whose anxious heart had ached for their return, and whose oppress-ed spirits required all the consolation that return was capable of producing.

CHAP. VI.

In order to account for the oppression of spirits, and the delay of Edward Sefton's journey into Scotland, which was never satisfactorily explained by himself, it is necessary to go back to his father's mansion, and see what was passing there, at the time he expected to follow his friends, and forward the fondest wishes of an attached heart.

Lord Welbrooke, although he frequently took pleasure in taunting his son, and in deriding the affection which subsisted between him and his mother, (which was certainly an uncommon one, since it added the most perfect friendship and esteem to the tenderest maternal and filial regard), yet he had an inherent respect, and even love for his son, which could not fail to increase, when he perceived in him a disposition, as he believed, to

conquer the passion which he had confided to his mother, and forward his own views at Sefton Hall. In this, as the reader knows, lord Welbrooke gave his son credit for more duty and resolution than were called for; but along with this praise, his mind likewise associated ideas to which his son was happily a stranger; and willing to reduce the purity and honour of Edward to his own standard, he concluded that part of his acquiescence arose from those principles of obedience on which he had hitherto acted, and part from his perception of Louisa's beauty, and her high expectations as an heiress.

He was himself frequently abstracted and splenetic, and the moment that his visitor or other company disappeared, the charming companion, the gay or sentimental friend, disappeared also; and a cross husband, severe father, and capricious or tyrannical master, was all that remained; but as this was nothing new to his family, it only excited extraordinary

uneasiness, when it existed in an extraordinary degree. It was now felt by Edward in a particular manner, from the fear that it arose from money-matters, and that it would either retard his journey, or render his mother particularly uncomfortable during his absence; and the fear of the renewed persecution she would undergo, rendered him, in despite of his desire to go, unwilling to leave her.

It has been already mentioned in general terms, that lady Welbrooke possessed a large fortune at her own disposal, which was, as such things too frequently are, a source of family discord, the world said, and lady Welbrooke had no desire to humour the world, by explaining her situation or her motives of conduct. Bitter disappointment and long-continued sorrow had chilled her heart to every feeling, save charity and maternal tenderness; to relieve the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, and inspire her children with the love of virtue, and the consolations of religion, was the business of her life; deep delibe-

ration and earnest prayer had enabled her to see the path of duty, and she pursued it meekly, but stedfastly, leaving her eloquent husband to expatiate on wrongs which never existed but in himself, and wants which could only be the result of his own secret vices, for his estate was much more than equal to the expenditure of his family, the expences of which were regulated with an economy so liberal, a regularity so admirable, that it was the universal admiration of even those who, never looking beyond the surface, thought his lordship ill matched. "She is an admirable manager," said some; "but wants the vivacity and spirit his lordship would like in a wife."—"She is only a manager," said others, "and is deficient in talents and understanding." But all agreed she *was* a manager; and her steward maintained that she was not a hoarder; yet his lordship was always poor, and always teasing her to give up a part of her possessions, and the times of his par-

ticular attacks were usually forerun by seasons of peculiar gloom and ill humour; although sometimes it was gloom only, and that of so melancholy a cast, as to be really affecting to all who saw him, but to none so much as his lady, who, whatever the world might think, loved him with no common affection, and had in many a trying instance proved the wise man's assertion, "many waters cannot quench love."

The morning previous to that in which Edward was to begin his journey, his mother having left the breakfast-table very early, in consequence of the indisposition of the governess of her youngest daughter, his lordship observed—"I suppose you are quite ready for Edinburgh now? your servant tells me you travel in the mail."

"It is cheap and expeditious, my lord."

"True, money is an object to lady Welbrooke's son, to the lady who receives rents (never contaminated by a husband's touch) to the amount of eight thousand a-year."

"From that money my mother supplies my wants, but certainly not extravagantly, as your lordship well knows; and I must become indebted to either you or her for a supply on the present occasion. I am careful; but my allowance does not admit extra expences of this nature."

"I have nothing—not fifty pounds in the world."

Edward was shocked, for he well knew, that although thus disclaimed, it *was* the "contaminating touch of a husband" which never failed to dispose of all his mother's rents, which, with trifling deductions for the bare wants of himself and sisters, were ever freely put into his father's hands; his colour rose; he was eager to speak; but he remembered the counsel of that generous mother so much belied and so profusely kind, and he held his peace, for he was his *father*.

The viscount felt uneasy; he rose; and Edward, in great anxiety, sought for his mother.

The perfectly domestic life lady Wel-

brooke led when it was in her power, and the real goodness of her disposition, rendered her peculiarly awake to the troubles and complaints of every one under her roof, and every servant in her household had by turns experienced the kindness and skill of their lady. But to none was it held out so freely as the young person whose pillow she was now soothing by the kindest attentions of sympathy. Miss Peters was the daughter of an officer, and had the misfortune to lose her mother very early in life, and her father not knowing how otherwise to dispose of her, had supported her at cheap boarding-schools until his death, which happened about two years before, when she became suddenly thrown upon herself, having only one brother, who was in the service, but only a lieutenant, to whom she could look for assistance.

The poor girl was driven into a world of which she knew nothing, and for which she was equally unfitted by habit and education; for she was not used to the

activity required by servitude, nor was she sufficiently accomplished to earn subsistence by communicating knowledge; yet coming from a school, and well recommended by the superior, she began life as a governess to three young ladies, who, on finding her inefficient as their instructress, chose to consider her as unworthy of their civility, and overlooking her real good qualities and her actual attainments, made it a rule to insult her for the deficiencies she could not remedy, and upbraid her with the ignorance she had not the means of removing.

Adelaide Sefton was one day the witness of this, and though very volatile, she possessed a mind too well informed, and a temper too good, not to see the injustice, and feel the cruelty of it, in a proper point of view; she pressed her mother exceedingly to take Miss Peters as a governess for Emily, to whose education she was quite equal, and declared that she would devote herself willingly to instructing her in such things as she possessed, in a higher point

of view; adding—"You know, mamma, I have had all the great masters along with Emma, and there is such a long space between me and little Emily, that surely I am equal to teaching her something; though of course I should not like to undertake the drudgery of A-B-C-ing her."

Lady Welbrooke was averse from receiving a person of this description in her family; she had known handsome governesses prove too interesting for the happiness of those with whom they resided, without any blame on their own parts. But Adelaide was a warm friend; she pushed her point often; and as Edward was gone to college, and they were likely to reside much more in the country than they had done, as she was persuaded that the young person was artless, tractable, well-disposed, and ingenuous, she at length was induced to mention the matter to the aunt of the ladies in question, who gladly acceded to her wishes; and Miss Peters most thankfully became the inmate of a house where she was treated with the

greatest kindness by every one, even the master of it condescending to bestow upon her all that charm of manner which rendered him the idol of his acquaintance.

As lady Welbrooke's views always extended beyond the comfort of the present hour, she formed a plan for the improvement of Miss Peters in several essential branches of her education, which she adopted thankfully, and for some time pursued vigorously, having always abundant time given her for the prosecution of her studies. But whether her mind or her constitution was unequal to this mode of continued exertion, was not known; but certain it was, that she had of late become abstracted, feeble, and ailing, and the friendship of Adelaide was continually taxed for the wants of her sister.

On rising this morning, Miss Peters had been so ill as to faint away, and lady Welbrooke, after giving her a cup of chocolate, had persuaded her to lie down upon the sofa in her own dressing-room, where closing her eyes, she appeared to

lie in a kind of slumber, which did not prevent lady Welbrooke from answering "Come in," to the tap which Edward now gave at the door.

When her ladyship saw that her son and not her daughter was entering, she repented the admission; but seeing the concern visible in his face, she could not refuse hearing him, especially as she partly guessed the cause. She was sitting in an arm-chair between him and the sofa, and in order that he might be aware that Miss Peters was asleep, she addressed him in a voice approaching to a whisper.

In the same subdued tone, Edward informed her of his utter inability to proceed on his journey for want of money, and that his father had declared his incapacity to assist him.

"It is very strange! I cannot comprehend it," said his lady. "I am certain he has abundance of ready cash, and to forward a scheme of his own, one would have thought that he would have given you some."

"You are mistaken, my dear mother; he said he had not fifty pounds in the world; and he really looked very much vexed when he said it."

Edward was interrupted by a deep sigh from the sofa.

"Poor thing! she is restless," said lady Welbrooke, continuing; "'tis in vain for us, my dear Edward, either to dispute or inquire; if your father cannot help you, 'tis enough; I have a mere trifle in my purse, but I think Adelaide has some twelve or fifteen pounds, which I am sure she will be delighted to give you. But what is this? you ought to have a couple of hundreds with you at least. Let me see—"

"Would you like me to ask Mrs. Bennet if she can do any thing?"

"Oh no! I cannot ask a servant for money; what conjectures will it lead to? But hold! I *can* ask Miss Peters; I paid her half a year's salary but a fortnight ago; and if she has *it*, which I doubt not, we can get *it*, you know."

A deep groan was heard from the sofa.

"She is awakening, and I will leave you to inquire; but I fear, my dear mother, we shall not be able to muster a quarter of the two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Miss Peters; "two hundred pounds! oh dear! my lady, most thankfully, most gladly will I give you—lend you; oh yes, I will fetch you the money this moment."

With a considerable degree of alarm, her ladyship laid hold on Miss Peters's arm, and reseated her on the sofa, from which she had hastily risen, fully persuaded that she was under the influence of delirium, and by a sign with her hand preventing Edward from leaving the room.

"Compose yourself, my dear; I am sorry we disturbed you by talking."

"I shall never be composed again!" cried she, wildly starting up; "no! no! never, *never!* but wretch as I am, as I ever must be, I am not so wicked as that

neither! You want money—the best of mothers, for the best of sons, wants her *own* money! oh God! how horrible! how *very* horrible!"

As she spoke, she drew a card-purse from her bosom, and suddenly emptying it on the table, there were discovered four bank-notes of a hundred each, and a beautiful brilliant broach, that appeared to have been inclosed in the bills.

Absolute astonishment seized both the mother and the son; the latter returning, approached the table, as if to convince himself of the truth of what he saw; but ere he reached it, the unhappy girl cried out in the extreme of agony—"Oh do, do, for God's sake *do* forgive me!" and dropped senseless on the floor.

Edward had not the slightest doubt but that the property before him had been in some way stolen from his mother, and though deeply shocked, he sincerely commiserated the unhappy being who had thus thrown herself upon their mercy; he was astonished at the magnitude of her de-

predations, and not noticing the deeper horror which spread over his mother's features, as he assisted her to lift the wretched young woman on the sofa, he said—"How terrible this is! doubtless she has robbed my father also."

In a tone deep as the grave, yet wild as the maniac, lady Welbrooke shrieked—"No, Edward, no! thy father has robbed *her!*"

The truth, the dreadful truth, flashed on the son, accompanied with a remembrance that added to its horrors tenfold. He was unable to assist his mother, who was, on her part, nearly as senseless as the unhappy being she would have assisted. Edward laid his hand on the bell, but lady Welbrooke, making a great effort to exert herself, prevented him, pointing to Miss Peters, whose form, in the position in which she now lay, gave evidence of the crime, which, as a wife and a mother, lady Welbrooke, in all her distress, was still anxious to conceal.

By the use of aromatic vinegar and other restoratives within reach, Miss Pe-

ters soon opened her eyes, and became sensible of what had passed. Unable to endure the recollection, she flung herself on her knees before lady Welbrooke; she laid her face on the floor, torrents of tears poured from her eyes, her very soul was dissolved in sorrow and shame.

"Leave us, Edward," said lady Welbrooke; "I am now better; I shall be able to support myself and her; but do not suffer your sisters to approach this room."

"Pardon me, madam, but there is one question I must ask, one on which all the happiness of my future life depends—Miss Peters," continued he, "answer me; was it originally your plan, or your betrayer's, to lay this guilt at my door? That such a thing was thought of, I *now* know; tell me the truth."

"I cannot answer you; I have not injured you; I never could have brought myself to be so very base."

"I *know* the thing was thought of; do not injure the character of that penitence

you appear to feel, by prevaricating in a moment like this."

"It was his lordship's plan, but he changed it, and considered to send me away clandestinely; I was to set out to-morrow night. The fatigue of preparing, during the hours when others slept, added to my fears and agitation, rendered me ill, and your mother's goodness to me was more than I could bear; you know the rest."

This was pronounced, at intervals, and with difficulty, accompanied by every mark of agonizing contrition and irremediable sorrow. Lady Welbrooke beheld, with all the distress of compassion, the frightful wreck of youth, beauty, and innocence before her. She trembled on the remembrance that this fallen being had been the beloved companion of one daughter, the instructress of another, and although aware that the latter could not have suffered, yet she dreaded both the contamination and the sorrow to which the other was subjected; but every thought of this kind, as it glanced rapidly over

her mind, only rendered her the more anxious to conceal the fact, and she was urging the necessity of it to Edward, when the door suddenly opened, and lord Welbrooke entered.

"Bolt that door, my lord, I beg of you."

His lordship did as he was requested, ere he cast his eye forward, and perceived the third, and, to him, most interesting person in the group. Her swollen eyes, her disordered person, and the deathy paleness of his wife and son, instantly revealed the truth to him. He started, staggered back towards the door, which not yielding to his disordered hand, he dropped into a chair, and became almost senseless, with the confusion of conscious guilt; his face was alternately purpled with shame, and pale with terror. Haughtiness and petulance were alike banished from every feature, and he stood in the presence of the injured as if he were at the immediate tribunal of Heaven, stript of all subterfuge, and all hope of escape, a naked, trembling sinner.

At the first glance of his person, Miss Peters gave a terrible shriek, and again sunk fainting, and, as Edward believed, dying, such was the terrible expression of her features. Lord Welbrooke started, and advanced a step towards her; he met the eye of his son; he glanced on the pale face of his wife, and he sunk again upon his seat, shaking in every limb, conscious how much he was despised, and how much he merited contempt.

Still this scene, in which so much was felt, so much even communicated, was silent, save that groans, unbidden groans, burst from the very heart of his lordship, as he threw his head with frenzied motion against the wall for support. Lady Welbrooke, gently resigning her charge, hastened to him, and untied his cravat, and bathed his temples with eau-de-luce. As her hand lay on his forehead, he clasped his own upon it—"This from you, Emma! Oh, it is too, too much!"

"Come near the window," said her

ladyship, assisting him to rise; "you must have air."

In reaching the window, his lordship passed the table where lay the notes and brilliants, by which he sought to assist seduction and escape detection, and which were given with profuseness to accomplish a wicked purpose, denied with meanness to every good one, and yet had been the immediate gift of that very wife he had so lately accused of possessing them. Again his cheek glowed; he felt that he was in the presence of his son—a son who could not fail to see the unutterable tenderness he had ever experienced from his mother, the mother so accused and injured.

In truth, ten minutes before, it would have been impossible to have induced Edward to believe he could ever experience any other sensation towards his father but that of decided, unmitigated contempt, mingled with abhorrence; but he now beheld him suffering, humbled, self-con-

demned, penetrated with remorse, overcome with shame, and weeping with the very bitterness of sorrow; his heart was penetrated, subdued. Such a change in one so cold and haughty could not fail to affect a stranger; how much more must it touch a son who had ever been disposed to love his father, who had admired his talents, sought his kindness, and lamented a thousand times that the sensibility in which others delighted was so rarely turned towards his own family! He now beheld him at once deploring and confiding, shedding the tears of bitter contrition on the bosom of that very wife he had injured, and it was impossible not to pity, not to reasure him.

Edward took his father's hand, and gently pressed it between his own. The father looked up, but in an instant withdrew it; an arrow sharper than a two-edged sword pierced his very heart, his every feature was convulsed with agony, and life itself seemed ready to escape him.

How little can even the pleasures of successful sin repay such moments as these, even were there no hereafter! but 'tis the sense of an eternity, and an eternal judge, that gives the pang, and gives it too in mercy.

Large drops fell from the eyes of Edward on his father's forehead, as leaning tenderly over him, he at once condemned his guilt, commiserated his sufferings, and compared his present feelings with what they might have been. God had given him all things richly to enjoy; his inheritance from nature was health, talents, friends, and riches; he had married beauty, virtue, and wealth, and his union was crowned by a family of the highest promise; what was wanting to him but himself? In the wide world he had no enemy but his own heart, no trouble but his own conduct; of the three around him, on whom he had settled infamy, sorrow, and reproach, he could have made a happy wife, a venerating son, a grateful dependent—Oh, what a sad reverse!

Lady Welbrooke perceiving the meltings of nature, and the yearnings of compassion in her son, ventured to speak, and strongly recommending his father to his care, mentioned an intention of setting out immediately for London.

Lord Welbrooke evidently felt an accession of misery.

"My lord, you cannot surely doubt me; my whole life has been devoted to you, and I will never withdraw from my duty; but I require from you an exertion which may render my efforts useful to saving us all from this reproach. It is my intention to take this unhappy creature to town myself, under pretence of obtaining the best medical advice; I shall go alone."

"Impossible!" cried Edward; "ill and agitated as you are, it is impossible! I will accompany you."

"Not for the world! you are the last person who can go; you who Heaven itself has interposed to save from——"

Till now, the viscount was not aware

that the full extent of his guilt, his intentions respecting his son, were known; he started, and rushed out of the room, followed by Edward, into his own chamber, where the tenderness of the son, and the full confession of the father, it is probable, saved the latter from madness, such was the severity of his sufferings at the moment.

In less than an hour, lady Welbrooke and her unhappy charge were on the road to London, and imitating the example of his mother, in whose decided strength of character was mingled the most exquisite tenderness, Edward had persuaded his father to take a long ride on horseback. On their return, the viscount pleading fatigue, and looking ill, retired to his own room, and Edward applied himself to comforting Adelaide, which was to him no easy task, so decidedly was he the foe to every species of dissimulation, and the artless inquiries and fears of Adelaide were cruelly distressing to him. But the necessity of caution increased, for an express, the

following morning, informed him that Miss Peters, in consequence of her violent agitation, had been so ill as to render her unable to proceed, and of course the journey was in a state of the most distressing delay.

True to her intention, lady Welbrooke, though a severe sufferer both in mind and body, continued to be the sole attendant on the unhappy girl, whom she eventually placed in respectable country lodgings; having no longer any fear of an eclaircissement, she then accepted her son's offer of attending her home, who saw with sincere grief that the exertion she had gone through had greatly affected her health, and apparently added many years to her age. In reply to his observations on his father's penitence, she rarely spoke, being unwilling to damp his hopes of permanent good arising from this shocking occurrence, and unable to share them.

In silence she had endured various afflictions of a similar nature, and often had she witnessed those strong emotions

which affected Edward so much; the effect was of course, to a considerable degree, lessened in her; but as *she* still felt it, as *her* heart was still moved by sorrows which were sincere, though mutable, it was no wonder that Edward was touched so deeply, and that his young bosom was animated by the same expectations, and alive to the same ardent affections and conclusions, which twenty years before had rendered the offender almost more dear for his offence.

Although lady Welbrooke was willing, and even desirous that her son should thus hope, and thus think of his father, yet she was also desirous that he should have a deep and proper sense of the enormity of that crime which was the source of so much misery, and a thorough contempt for that infatuating weakness which yields to every temptation, and instead of taking up arms against the passions, employs qualities, attainments, and powers in their service, permitting neither experience to teach,

nor suffering to warn from the rocks where peace and honour have been wrecked before. A man ever sinning and ever repenting cannot fail in time either to harden his heart beyond all hopes of pardon, or injure his peace beyond all probability of recovery; he sows misery, and reaps destruction.

That the viscount, when with a certain set of companions, had been from time to time subject to the vice of private gaming, Edward well knew, and knew that it was on that account his mother would never resign the right of holding the property already mentioned, although she never failed giving him the income of it, which was, together with a considerable portion of his own estate, devoted to selfish gratifications of one kind or other; and although it was not possible for him to be devoid of affection for his son, of whose talents and conduct he was justly proud, he was yet at this very time so far embarrassed, as to render him anxious to procure a marriage for him of so advantageous a

nature as to preclude the necessity of any other settlement. The perpetual vexations he experienced from the consequences of his vicious pursuits, kept his temper in a continual ferment, and rendered those surrounding blessings, which should have been the aliment of comfort to him, its chiefest bane. Edward, the mild, conciliating boy, the virtuous, enlightened youth, had grown up a perpetual thorn in his side. He felt that he had injured him, injured, too, the mother he idolized; that the time would come when he would see the extent of that mischief he now only guessed, and that if he spared his person, he would at least load his memory with execrations.

When lady Welbrooke met her lord, she communicated to him the only event which it was necessary for him to know, in as few words as possible, and then dropped for ever all reference to an event which it was evident had shortened her span of existence, for it had added many years to

her brow. The observations of her unconscious girls not only forced this truth upon him, but so continually referred to that horrible circumstance, which could not fail being uppermost on all their minds in some shape or other, that lord Welbrooke took refuge from the arrows thus inflicted, by setting out on a tour to the Isle of Wight.

After his departure, Edward pursued his journey to the north, with a heart that had been so severely oppressed, that even the flame of youthful love was damped, and that of hope almost extinct. In fact, the more he reflected, the more deep was his trouble; and although he pitied his father, and had really forgiven him for entertaining the most cruel design that man can form against man, he yet felt that he was ashamed of having such a father, and a degree of conscious guilt hung over him, as if he were presuming too far in offering himself (thus connected) to the virtuous family he was visiting, especially to the pure and artless Louisa.

Depressed by these sad thoughts, no wonder the appearance of Donald Mackenzie, with all his showy qualities and extraordinary advantages, appalled him, especially when he found that his friend Henry seemed as much bewitched by them, as even a love-sick maid could be. Every moment they were alone together, Henry was descanting on the matchless courage, the glowing virtues, the high-commanding step, and heroic mien of Donald. It was evident that lady Mowbray delighted in him, and even sir Francis admired *him* far more than any other of the many agreeable people around him; but all these things were light in comparison of that intelligence which beamed in the lucid eye and mantling blush of Louisa, seen only by the awakened eye of the lover, but felt in the inmost recesses of his heart.

These doubts and fears, the genuine offspring both of modesty and love, were still operating, when sir Francis and his family returned from paying their last

duties to the general, and were welcomed by Edward; for he could not help perceiving a melancholy in the air of Louisa, beyond that which the occasion called for, and he well knew her to be superior to all affectation; but an incident that occurred during his stay served to divert his fears.

When Henry went first abroad, he was accompanied by a servant who was a son of one of the tenants, who returned with him; and in order to give this youth the power of spending as much time as possible with his friends, Henry had gone into Scotland without him, and travelled too quickly across the country, when returning, to stop and take him up, being really too much engaged by his love-affair at York to think of dispatching a letter from thence to poor Richard, to give him the meeting. In consequence of these reiterated movements in the family, Richard was only enabled to follow his master on this very day, and he received the important credentials which announced the circumstances which hereafter changed the colour of

Henry's fate, in the presence of his friend, who had likewise letters to send.

Louisa had also a letter, and on giving it into the servant's hand, her colour changed, and she shed tears; her mind was evidently occupied on those who were far away, and as the affection which had ever subsisted between the brother and sister justified the idea, Edward endeavoured to rest upon it, and persuade himself that the fears of a sister called into fresh action by the sight of Richard, and the previous writing of her letter, accounted for the depression of her spirits.

As Edward returned through the plantations, sir Francis proposed that they should all accompany him, and he gave him an opportunity of offering his arm to Louisa, which she accepted with a constrained and timid air, that again so far operated on the anxious mind of Edward, that he was unable to commence any conversation for some time. At length desirous of saying something, though despairing of being agreeable, he observed—" I suppose we

must now drop the name of Mackenzie entirely, when speaking of our friend."

"Indeed!" said Louisa with much emotion; "by what name must we call him?"

"I understood he was to take the name of Deverell."

"Yes—oh yes—I believe so—I had forgot———"

Quick succeeding blushes told Edward that one Mackenzie was remembered but too well, and the hopes he had so lately indulged fell to the ground; Donald, and not Henry, had inspired her emotion, and called even upon her tears. The thought was misery, and as it gained upon his mind, the radiance of the setting sun receded from his view, the forms of beauty that surrounded him in "herb, tree, fruit, and flower," faded before him, and she whom he deemed its very essence, though she hung upon his arm, yet seemed to have ceased one part of her existence—for she existed not for him.

The more Edward ruminated, the more

his heart desponded; and as he wrung the hand of sir Francis at parting, they appeared thoroughly to understand each other.

Edward mentioned an intention of returning to Oxford in a day or two; and sir Francis advised him to do so—"It is the best way of disposing of time, my young friend; and," he added, smiling, "time is your best friend; it will do every thing for you."

Edward pressed the hand of lady Mowbray, and bowing, silently withdrew, and was quickly out of sight; but when they had turned round, he stood upon a little mound, where he watched the receding steps of Louisa, until the intervening trees bereft him of the sight, when lifting up his heart to Heaven, for blessings on her head, he turned, and, with "melancholy steps and slow," resumed his way.

As all were silent, and all, even Louisa, doubtlessly felt some pain on parting with Edward, whose gentle sadness, perfect amenity, and active kindness, could not

fail to endear him to all who had intimacy with him, sir Francis, by way of chat, observed, that he had received a letter from lord Glenfalloch that morning, which he was sorry to say he had not half read, being so much engaged with the dispatches to Henry at the time he received it.

On entering the house, Louisa took care to remind him of it, and he therefore took it from his writing-desk and read it aloud.

His lordship began with thanking the baronet for his attentions to his nephew, whom he declared he had found a young man of such extraordinary personal advantages and endowments, as to be highly gratifying to him; but, at the same time, he was aware that those very qualities must be disadvantageous to himself, if any impression were left on the minds of others that he could have been found capable of treating such a youth with neglect or cruelty.

He entered into a pretty long explanation of his motives for wishing Donald to have embraced any liberal profession, rather than arms; but, at the same time,

declared, that had the impulse felt by the young man been properly explained, he should long ago have yielded to his wishes. He said, that although he had not followed him into the Highlands, to force upon him necessary money, for the expences of his stay, yet he had carefully paid his debts in Edinburgh, as soon as he could collect them; and had considered himself as only performing an act of duty, in abstaining from further interference with him, and leaving him, for a time, to those enjoyments, and that choice, which he had embraced as a visionary, but which, it was probable, he would abandon on rational grounds, and be the wiser and better for the experiment, seeing that his very errors were but the excesses of a noble nature.

"True, very true," said lady Mowbray, warmly.

"But if all this be true," said sir Francis, "of which I cannot doubt, it strikes me that Donald is very extravagant, not very just, and positively ungrateful."

Louisa's cheek glowed to very burning

"Young men of his character are often profuse; what trouble have you had with Henry? *he*, poor fellow, has had nobody to take that trouble—lord Glenfalloch was abroad."

"You wrong Henry, lady Mowbray; he was never inclined to be expensive from another person's purse; he has too just a spirit of independence, too much honesty for such conduct as this."

All were silent.

"But if Henry *had* been mean enough to run into debt, foolish enough to throw away money (which he has at times, perhaps), yet do you think he would have spurned the hand that upheld him, cast reflections on the kindness or the generosity he had already experienced, and, from a difference of inclination or opinion, dared to asperse a character of known integrity and tried friendship?"

"I don't think he would—indeed I am sure he would *not*; there never did exist a more affectionate heart; but, when warm-tempered people are crossed in their

wishes, they say much more than they mean."

"True; but they do not repeat what they have so said; on the contrary, they perceive their error, and are eager to make reparation. I have often crossed Henry; and, I'll be bound for it, he has called me a frumpish old fellow; and, perhaps, wished me at——no matter, his heart came round instantly—he met me with altered looks—and I read that I was forgiven in his tones of address."

"It is very probable that Donald did not know his uncle had paid his debts."

"Then why did he not endeavour to pay *some* of them, at least, himself? the creditors of a young man in his situation are generally lodging-house keepers, tailors, and others, who *earn* their bread; not to pay such debts is the height of injustice, it is cruelty."

"True, sir Francis, it *is*, when people *think*."

"Lady Mowbray, Scotchmen all *think*; they are a nation of thinkers, and they al-

ways think on their debts, or they would never hold the high rank they do among all the people on earth; 'tis their peculiar characteristic; and how, in the name of wonder, a young man, who was an orphan, without fortune, educated by a woman of talent and peculiar opinion, and obliged to a distant relation for the means of life, should escape the necessity of *thinking*, I cannot tell."

"I consider myself under the highest obligation to his courage. I shall never forget what a wonderful creature we all thought him."

"'Tis very right for both you and me to be grateful to him; but we are not therefore to misconceive what is good or evil in his character; you wrong me, I am sure, if you do not think that I have every inclination to serve him. I do, however, sincerely rejoice that he is not cast in the same circle with your son; for though I think he will make a very fine fighting hero, yet I think him ill calculated for a friend—I admire a comet, but have no de-

sire to see it approach my own hemisphere."

"He may have his faults, but he has great sensibility; his affection for his aunt won my heart, I confess."

"And I believe his want of affection for old Sawney lost mine. Sensibility is a species of witchcraft; we are all spell-bound by it; a fine speech and a tear are a sort of incantation, which we yield to implicitly, without considering how far the spirit which utters it is governed by the 'foul fiend.'"

"There is no virtue where there is no sensibility, sir Francis."

"True; but there is plenty of sensibility without virtue; if sensibility is not enforced by religion and virtue, by a sense of duty and a love of goodness, what benefit does it confer on society? and what good does it do the possessor? poor Mrs. Tremor is a slave to sensibility, but she is utterly void of compassion, we all know; and Mr. Lawless, whose ready shilling and sympathetic tear make him emulous of

being called the uncle Toby of our day, suffers his natural children to be brought up at the parish workhouse; and can see eyes, the very counterpart of his own, darting from their boney sockets, pursue his carriage-wheels in vain to catch a few halfpence, the usual gift of souls more coarsely moulded."

"I have seen enough of the mockery of sensibility myself, to despise it thoroughly—but still——"

"Still you cling to it; I did not think you had been so very a woman, lady Mowbray."

"Blame yourself, sir Francis; you presented me with the most perfect picture of sensibility I have ever seen; my heart bowed to it in your image, and many years have only confirmed my allegiance, and rendered my homage more dear."

"You are a very handsome flatterer, and were even then a very handsome inducement; I believe my selfishness had, according to custom, a great deal to do with my sensibility; but so far as I was compas-

sionate, so far as I was pure in my assistance, so far give me praise only—say nothing of my sensibility, I beseech you; 'tis a sandy foundation, on which neither virtue nor happiness can rest; but though not a foundation, 'tis a beautiful part in the superstructure of either, and each is imperfect without it."

This was the general way in which any conversation approaching to argument usually ended between sir Francis and his lady; therefore such conversation rarely left that disposition to soreness and irritation which is apt to affect even the best disposed minds, either in themselves or their hearers.

Louisa, in listening to this, had felt, in the first place, angry at her father, believing that he was talking *at her*; but she concluded, from the progress and termination of the discourse, that she was mistaken, and thence induced to consider over again what her father had said respecting Donald; and she was clearly of opinion, that her mother had altogether the better side,

not only because it is always better to think good than evil, but because it was all nonsense to suppose that Donald was not as good as he was handsome.

Edward still lingered, unable to go, yet conscious that he staid to little purpose; still the impatience natural to a lover, the torment of suspense, at one time, and the little flickerings of hope which light on the most timid hearts, at others, might have induced him to venture something like declaration, if he had not been cautioned against it by sir Francis, who feared that, in the present state of his daughter's mind, such a step might have rendered him an object of disgust to her, and who trusted that in a few months the absence of Donald would have healed the wound, and then she would receive pleasure in the society of one whose disposition and taste were so perfectly congenial to her own, that were her heart really disengaged, he could not fail to ensure its approbation, and eventually its affection.

When Edward was actually gone, little

as he had appeared to amuse or interest Louisa, yet she was sensible of his loss; he had supplied Henry to her; and though Henry was not what he had been, yet still he was very dear; and the little attentions of Edward, and especially his information, his poetic taste, and the power they had of talking over the fine scenes they had lately viewed together, had rendered him a most desirable companion.

Sir Francis saw with pleasure that he was missed by her, and that the hours she was wont to spend with him in their usual sitting-parlour, were now, in a great measure, confined to her own dressing-room; but he little thought they were given to the dangerous but fascinating employment of reading, again and again, the letter of Donald, of retracing the hours she had spent with him, and penning sonnets to the bank where he had sat, the tree which he admired. If she sung an air, it was Scotch minstrelsy; if she took up a book, it had no charm, save that which associated it with the land of Ossian and of Donald; and

never did imagination present her with a dress, a character, or an adventure she wished for, save to be the "Lady of the Lake," the fair Matilda in her high tower, "Bessy Bell," or "Mary Gray."

Incessant thought and restless suspense produced its usual effect; Louisa became pale, inanimate, and indifferent to all around her; her birds, her flowers, even her poor pensioners, ceased to interest her; "books were but formal dullness, tedious friends;" although the same could not be said of newspapers, which, for the first time in her life, assumed a new and overbearing interest with her.

Lady Mowbray watched every turn of her countenance, every action that indicated the state of her feelings, with all the liveliest emotion of maternal love; but she sought not, by any direct question, to break the silence which subsisted between them, not from reserve, but delicacy. She believed that Louisa was struggling to overcome her preference for Donald, under the idea that it was not returned; lady

Mowbray believing this idea utterly groundless, sometimes longed to whisper hope and comfort to her daughter; but the recollection that sir Francis had set his heart on seeing her another's, forbade this communication, and compelled her to permit that struggle to continue, which, in tormenting the daughter, necessarily extended its keenest powers of torture to the mother's bosom.

CHAP. VII.

HENRY'S letters to his friends were few and short, the service in which he was engaged being of the most active and successful kind; and that which was received from him the beginning of November, announced an expectation that something very decisive would take place before they went into winter quarters.

"That something," said the baronet, "has been done ere now, but it may be some time ere we hear it; in order to give us an early chance, suppose we go once more to London; it will amuse Louisa, and it is right she should have amusement; I did not mean to go till spring, but 'tis of little consequence—we will go next week—as soon as you please, in short."

Louisa's eyes darted from beneath their silken lashes a stream of lambent fire; but

it was instantly followed by a tear, as she murmured her thanks for his indulgence.

Sir Francis, as he looked on this tremulous drop, and considered it as the offspring less of gratitude than conscious weakness, felt all the father in his heart, and with difficulty checked the rheum which moistened his own eyelids. "I hope, my love, to see you a little more gay," said he; "you are going for the first time into the world since you became independent."

"Independent!" said Louisa, forcing a smile; "you have always told me women never could be independent."

"I told you but too truly, that women can scarcely ever be wholly independent, and therefore it is for their happiness to hold themselves in a state of submission to others; but that independence of circumstances which is the gift of fortune, they have not only a right to enjoy, but, as the agents of Providence, they are called upon to distribute wisely. Although it would ill become you, Louisa, to slight my per-

son or despise my advice, because you no longer need my support in pecuniary matters, yet it would as ill become me to control your taste, or pry into your charities respecting the disposal of that which is strictly your own. There is but one case in which I could interfere, and I should be foolish in doing it then."

"Pray tell me, that I may be tempted to try you, because I think there would be something new in seeing you do something foolish."

Sir Francis was delighted to hear her jest; and he almost regretted saying any thing that could chase away that dimpled smile which had of late so rarely visited her cheek; but his heart was in the subject, and he replied—"Were I to see you on the point of giving yourself to one unworthy of you, I should tell you not to throw away your money on him—and would not that be foolish? for in giving yourself, Louisa, would you not bestow that which no money could purchase, no power restore to your mother or me?"

"Marriage is not death," said Louisa, trembling at the earnestness of his manner, and deeply penetrated with the tone of tender solemnity with which he spoke; "marriage is not death; it would not necessarily separate me from my parents."

"To many, marriage is not a state in which the heart experiences much diversity of feeling; but to you, Louisa, it will be either the death or the life of happiness—not immediately, perhaps, but progressively; your heart is formed to find pleasure only in attachment; cares, ambitions, hopes, fears, and expectations, with you, will centre in one little spot; and if you are not happy in your family, you will know no other happiness; nor can you be moderately happy; 'tis the error of your nature to be subject to extremes; and though your religious principles will govern your conduct, yet even they will never wholly eradicate this tendency."

"But according to your own description of me, I may be very happy with the

man I love, although I am left without those gewgaws of fortune, which help to gild the path of life to other women."

Sir Francis was struck with the conviction that Louisa had thought more on this subject than he had suspected, and his heart ached with the idea; he could not reply to her, but suddenly clasping her to his breast, he exclaimed—"Remember, Louisa, that you are my *only* child!" and with these words he left her, as if overpowered by his feelings.

Louisa was much affected; but as her emotion subsided, she began to ponder on these words; did her father simply mean to tell her that she held his happiness in her hands, being his sole hope, and the prop of his house? or did he, by referring to the large estate of which she was the heiress, warn her against those insidious addresses which might be made to her on the score of fortune? "If this were the case, he might be perfectly at ease; her heart was already safe in another's keeping, and that other the most noble, generous,

and independent of men, one who loved her only for herself."

It may be said, "how could Louisa know this?" We answer—" by the same intuitive knowledge which assures every young lady in love that her beloved is faultless, and that his passion for her more than equals her own;" and we will venture to assert, that not one in a hundred has so good a right to make the conclusion as Louisa had, for although Donald was as well able to get through her fortune as any young man could be, yet when he looked at *her*, he certainly never thought of *it*; when she was out of sight, her dirty acres might perhaps appear no unpleasant attendants, especially when his purse was empty, or his head was full of independence.

In a short time the family of sir Francis were settled in an excellent house in Portman-square, had been received with unchanged affection by lady Selthorpe, and complimented with a card from

colonel Bellair. Her ladyship was thin, and, in despite of *rouge*, her features were care-worn and haggard, when she was silent; but this happened rarely, for she talked, smiled, and displayed a beautiful set of teeth incessantly.

Sir Francis observed the contrast in his sister and his wife, between whom he knew there existed a cordial regard; it was characteristic of both. Lady Selthorpe professed a great deal of pleasure in their meeting, which, although true, it was unnecessary to profess, since the fact was not doubted: the other said scarcely a word on the subject, for she felt that she was understood. "This is town and country welcome," said the baronet, internally; "where the heart is equally warm, the variety is amusing; but I wish my sister were less gay; she is too merry to be happy."

"By your *il penseroso* face, I suppose, my dear child, you intend to come out *en caractere*, hey?"

"I have no notion of coming out at all, my lady."

"So much the better. I like that; 'tis perfectly new; better than *shoe-making*, or *fencing*, or *anatomizing*, or any of the things that are gone by; 'twould be wrong, with such eyes as those, that you should go out or come out to look for a husband; those blue orbs so shaded are animal violets worthy to be searched for in the remotest dells of society, sapphires for which a wise man would dig to the centre."

"Fye, my lady; you distress Louisa."

"Poor thing! if this distress her, into what depth of misery is she about to be plunged!"

"Pray, my dear lady Rattlebrain, is it not possible for a respectable gentlewoman to bring her daughter, who is a modest girl, to London, for the purpose of seeing sights which can only be seen here, mixing soberly in society, and returning quietly, without coming under the imputation of seeking a husband? Does this great me-

tropolis lie open only to trading voyagers?"

"Certainly not; and if she returns without effecting such an end, it is concluded either that she was a wretched negociator, or the goods absolutely not putoffable; for which reason some squeamish country gentlefolks never bring out their daughters till they have had the luck either to captivate the neighbouring squire, or some younger brother, sent down to pick up a few stray thousands, and of course they enter the world as young brides."

"A very good plan, in my opinion."

"A very bad one, in *mine*. The poor girl enters the world at the very time when she has been first made of consequence; her ears are abused by flattery, her heart alive to pleasure; and not ten to one but the first time she puts her head into the world, she sees some one who flatters more agreeably than her own fox-hunting spouse, and by touching her heart, teaches her to

know something more is requisite in matrimony than fine clothes, a new carriage, and a handsome settlement."

"But if the country girl loves her husband?"

"That alters the case, in some particular subjects, a whole winter; but there are few that bear even the honeymoon, without finding that it would have been better to have looked round before they married. Miss Such-a-one got both the man she loved and a title too; and her sister has two houses, and a splendid equipage; and though these things are not to outweigh one's affections, yet when one is really married and settled, they find them very desirable contingencies."

"Take my word for it, sir Francis, young women should see the world, should learn to know the difficulty there is in procuring establishments on the one hand, that they may be properly grateful to the man who offers them one, (and gratitude in woman is affection, you know); and on the other, they will be enabled to see

their own worth and weight in society, and be saved from throwing a jewel away on a booby, or a tyrant, "richer than all his tribe."

"There is a proper medium to be observed undoubtedly in these cases. The fact is, that what is perfectly proper treatment for one character and disposition, is utterly wrong in another; some plants thrive in the sun, others in the shade; with some people, happiness consists in the bustle and parade of life, and even their virtues are tinged by the strong hand of nature with this propensity; others retire to be happy; they shut themselves up with those they love, to be quiet and agreeable; the same kind of world would not suit such opposites, and parents ought to consider this."

"'Tis fine talking, baronet; the hen with one chick may stalk around, and pick up the food she pleases; but her with many must bring them out as she can, and give them what she can scratch for. I have no child to distract my head; I live

in the world, and rarely move with my eyes shut; and it appears to me, that the first thing in a prudent mother, and what indeed they all do, is to consider the reigning fashion."

"Fashion!" cried lady Mowbray.

"Fashion!" re-echoed Louisa.

"Aye, fashion! 'Tis nothing to either of you, for you can make fashion itself follow you, as every body may who has money and talents; but I am speaking of mothers who have little of the first, and not enough of the last to do without it; such must follow the lead, bring out their girls as they can, and dispose of them as they may; such must submit to circumstances; follow a great leader, sail in the wake of a first-rate, and stand the chance of a prize, by pursuing her close, and wearing her colours."

"In what way, my lady? I really don't understand it at all."

"Happy ignorance! Had that blue-eyed brat been followed by half-a-dozen

more, depend upon it, my lady, with all *your* scrupulosities, and the baronet's dignity, 'to this complexion you had come at last.' But I'll give you an instance. Two winters ago, lady Bell Osmond brought up her eldest daughter, a sharp, clever, accomplished brunette, with as bright an eye and as smart a shape as I remember to have met with; luckily the girl was seen by no living creature, the day of her arrival, but myself, and the stylish dowager, Mrs. Belmont. Having a sincere regard for the mother, we told her at once that Miss Osmond would not do that winter; the beautiful countess of Benvenue and lady Holmlake, who were all the rage, being tall, fair women, the first perfectly simple, the second languishing, and both as totally different to a smart, witty, brown beauty, as possible.

"'Twas a sad disappointment, to be sure; but the wise mother, instead of torturing the poor girl into studied simplicity, and daubing her face with cosmetics, prudently

packed her back into the country with her housekeeper, who returned with a tall, unformed girl, near two years younger, but who possessed light, yet languishing grey eyes, and flaxen locks in abundance; happening to take as much after the father as her sister did after my friend, lady Bell, whom I used to designate *la belle blackamoor*. Well, my dear, the thing went off wonderfully; the child stared so naturally, and looked so pleased with the novelties around her, that no human being could have been drilled into such a sweet resemblance of the more elegant, but equally artless countess; and as the evening advanced, she generally grew so sleepy, and her head dropped aside so agreeably, that it passed for a very fine specimen of her ladyship's languish; and before she had been three months in London, she was married to a rich Welchman, with a pedigree as long as the mall, and a prospect not half as long to a title."

"But what became of the sister?" said Louisa.

"Oh, she came out under the wing of the married lady, who was too used to know her for the elder, not to want her as a helpmate for the occasion; she could not be fashionable that year, of course, nor even the next; but this last summer, she had the amazing luck to captivate the earl of Whittington, who being on the wrong side forty, has got into a habit of thinking for himself, and would rather run against the fashion than with it. He swears she is the most charming woman in England; calls her eyes Italian, her complexion Spanish, her wit attic, and all that kind of thing. They are to be married at Christmas, and when she comes to town, nothing can be more probable than that she will be the rage—a circumstance the more likely, because 'tis some time since this kind of character had its turn, and because it is said a certain great commander, who is a great judge, is beginning to think Spanish beauty tolerable. Though I think it very odd the

thing did not take place before, yet I shall certainly be angry if it takes place now."

"For what reason?" said the baronet, laughing; "it appears to me that your ladyship can readily comply with the fashion, the eyes being ready made for it."

"How can you ask, with that girl before you? dye her in walnut-juice, stain her brown locks black, yet you can never make the proper thing."

"I shall never trouble the world of fashion," said Louisa, carelessly.

"But indeed you will, and trouble *me* too; for I foresee you will put me to the expence of an evening breakfast, or some other kind of dashing absurdity; but I cannot positively give it till the holidays are over; I cannot indeed; so I hope, my dear child, you will submit to imprisonment till then."

"I cannot live without air, my lady."

"Air and exercise too, child, as much as you please; go to the theatres too, if you like; but no opera, no rout, can I allow till after the holidays."

"We shall be perfectly content," said lady Mowbray, "to abide by your requisition, provided we are visited and received *en famille* with you and the colonel."

"Agreed; but sir Francis looks doleful on the occasion; I fancy he is eager to rush into dissipation."

"Not absolutely eager, but certainly not aware of the necessity of this restraint. I do not see the necessity of your making an expensive entertainment, in the first place, nor that it is to be so long delayed, in the second."

"In answer to your first objection, I must answer you thus:—most reverend, grave, and noble signor, a woman who has had beauty, retains vivacity, affects wit, and loves show, who, moreover, has—yes (think as you may), has really affection, cannot lose such an opportunity of display as the introduction of a beautiful niece, who is an heiress. To the second I must beg leave to inform you, that notwithstanding all my nonsense, and all

the folly with which I mingle, and the bad example by which I am surrounded, I am a true Mowbray; I pay all my debts as regularly as a country housekeeper; but having nothing to spare, I must enter on the credit of another year for the treat in question; let me be over these ugly holidays, and then. You look grave; I thought you would have praised me for being so wise, so provident, so unlike every body else. Well, well, I confess I am extravagant, very extravagant in some things."

"I see no symptoms of it; I never *have* seen any; your income warrants a much larger expenditure than I have ever witnessed."

"Oh, you do not *know* me; you do not indeed; I am an expensive jade, that is a sure thing; but good-bye, good-bye. To-morrow we'll go a-shopping, and you shall find others as bad as me, Frank."

Her ladyship ran hastily to her carriage, leaving lady Mowbray and Louisa delighted

with her vivacity, and sir Francis shaking his head, and repeating his observation, "my dear sister was born to be a better thing than a woman of fashion."

CHAP. VIII.

Whilst the ladies are making purchases and reading newspapers in the morning, and attending the theatres or chatting over a new publication in the evening, and sir Francis is flattering himself that his daughter is recovering the tone of her spirits, and the roses of her complexion, we will inquire into the situation of Edward Sefton and his friend Henry.

Oxford was to Edward a tranquil place, so far as it regarded external circumstances, for he resided in it for the pure purposes of enjoying opportunities of study and literary society, being within so easy a distance of home, as to enable him to fulfil all those kind offices which his mother might require from him. To endure the irascibility of his father's temper, and thereby ameliorate his mother's burden, by sharing it, had hitherto been a duty which,

by dividing his thoughts, had prevented the ascendancy of a passion he was peculiarly calculated to feel, and even to bend beneath, as an unresisting victim; for in him were blended the ardours of his father, with the mild constancy and purer sensibility of his mother, who, well aware, even from the impassioned fondness with which from his cradle he had regarded her, that the woman he loved must be to him the source of unmixed misery or happiness, had ever endeavoured to strengthen his principles, to guard him from becoming the victim of sudden impulse, and teach him to examine whatever was offered to his heart or his mind, ere he dared to accept it. The faculty of thinking thus exercised, saved him from becoming the victim of sudden passion and imaginary perfection; but when his judgment became satisfied in the wisdom of his choice, when the object of his preference was one that he had a right to distinguish, his mind threw off every bar, trampled on every hindrance, to the entire surrender of his

affections, and indulged itself in the natural bias of a heart that could love to madness.

Thus, from the very hour when he bade adieu to Henry, young as they both were, and parted by a profession which forbade all hopes of personal intercourse, he yet devoted himself to an exclusive friendship for him, a love of his character, a regret for his loss, a sympathy in his pursuits, his joys, his sorrows, and a determination to share with him the goods of fortune, or the frowns of adversity. Hence he partook in Henry's gratitude for sir Francis; and even his love for Louisa first arose from the feeling that she was Henry's sister, for he well knew that Henry loved her dearly, though he often appeared to slight her; but this Edward imputed to his ignorance of what was due to sisters, and which was as habitual in his own manners as to his affections.

Edward found that he loved Louisa better than he loved Emma and Adelaide; he

thought this preference arose from her being more amiable, but his examinations scarcely allowed this conclusion, for however excellent she might be, yet she did not love him so well, therefore he was ungrateful to prefer her.

Under this persuasion he went to college, applied himself to study, and rarely suffered any female but his mother to engross his thoughts; he grew up, he mixed, to a certain degree, with those around him, he learned the necessity of self-control, both from within and without; and often would the fair image of Louisa rise, smiling, to his eyes, and present herself as the reward of exertion, as something not only more dear, but more powerful than a sister.

When he again beheld her, dazzling in her beauty, meek, and yet dignified in her manners, capable of soothing the sternest, and captivating the most wayward heart, he was for a short time absolutely enslaved by the dominion of his senses; but the necessity his father imposed upon him, of

daily striving to keep his mother in peace, and the affairs of the family in comfort, which were ever abandoned to her sole management on very scanty means, compelled him again to examine the sovereign he had seated on his heart; he did so—he marked the uniform sweetness of her temper, the warmth of her attachments, the activity of her benevolence, the universal suavity of her manners, and, above all, that principle of living piety that pervaded her whole conduct, decidedly but unostentatiously, rendering her meek, duteous, and tender—regular, economical, and beneficent; but the same examination showed him also that her sensibility was so acute, her attachments so ardent, that, she must be devoted in her love and her friendship with the same fondness and entire preference with himself; and he resolved so to hold her heart, or never presume to solicit her hand; but this was the resolve of one whose fears were far out-balanced by his hopes, and who had not reckoned on

the romantic turn natural to her age, her sex, the seclusion in which she had lived, and the aid such a turn innocently received from her brother and mother.

Had Edward accompanied the family in their excursion to the Highlands—had he shared in the first glowing pleasures of Louisa, as in those sequestered dells and fairy haunts she had pursued the visions of poetic fancy, or traced the bold flights of the soul, as in these sublime regions she soared " through Nature, up to Nature's God"—had she, in the hour of lassitude, received solace from his kindness in that of pleasure, zest from his superior information and excursive fancy, or towering imagination, it could hardly have failed but that the sisterly preference and friendly approbation in which she held him, would have ripened into a softer flame, and she would have transferred her admiration of heroes to men of genius. Edward was no mean poet; he designed with the spirit of a painter; and the sonnet con-

secrated by her own praise, the sketch drawn beneath her eye, would have secured him the name of genius to her.

But, alas! ere he arrived, "another had taken his place," and he was ill calculated to dispute the right; he needed rather the smile of encouragement, to lift his stricken heart above the sense of degradation in another's crime; and so acute were his feelings as a son, that he could not relieve his full heart even by leaning on the bosom of his friend; he shrunk from sympathy, he dreaded inquiry into his sorrows, and he felt at once a craving for consolation, and a sense that, if bestowed, it would insult him.

That Louisa preferred Donald, we have already seen he was but too well aware; but he was himself so much struck by Donald's fine person and showy endowments, and had so humble an opinion of himself, that, even in the moment of jealousy, he could pardon her for feeling a preference he felt to be natural. As their acquaintance increased, he saw petulance and con-

ceit in Donald, which lessened his own sense of his excellence, and made him conclude that it would lessen hers also, for he gave her credit, with the blindness of love, for more judgment and wisdom than ever woman had; and as there was in Louisa's manners an unchanging modesty and strict propriety, he persuaded himself at times that the prepossession she had felt would quickly pass away, since it was not seconded by perfect esteem and long acquaintance; and this persuasion sir Francis, by every indirect method, continued to enforce.

At this time Edward was living on hope; one day persuading himself, that when her mind had overcome the little partiality her reason had not sanctioned, she might be induced to hear " his pleaded reason;" at another, dreading that she would never allow him to fill a place once occupied by a man who was at this time pursuing glory, and might probably overcome every little fault which could sully, not mar, a being apparently born to fascinate the sex, and

"Henry *has* done this."

"Yes, he has; and though neither soon enough to secure either his peace or his honour, I fear, from receiving some degree of injury, yet I hope in time to restore him to common sense and eventual happiness."

"Henry has such a kind heart, (kinder than ever since he was a soldier,) that it is a pity he should not marry the woman he loves."

"It would indeed be a pity that he should not marry, and I am certain he will never marry a woman he cannot love; but surely he may find women in his own country worthy his love, who are not averse from his religion, his habits—one whom his friends can love as well as himself? surely they who have sympathized with his sufferings, shared in his dangers, felt for him more than he could feel for himself, have a right to participate in his pleasure?"

"Certainly; but what can he do?"

"He can, Louisa, if he pleases, exert the powers which God has given to every

human being, and overcome a passion unworthy of him."

"But if it is not an unworthy passion—if the object be really good and virtuous—"

"The passion may be unworthy of him, because it interferes with his duties and prospects in life, and yet not be entertained for an unworthy object. I beg of you to consider this distinction, Louisa, for it is more necessary for a woman than a man to know, that it may be her duty to resign an object who possesses much personal worth, because circumstances render him unsuitable for *her*."

Louisa blushed and was silent.

"If a woman suitable in education and rank in life had attracted your brother, who yet differed from him in taste and opinion, or even in religious tenets, so far as different sectaries among Protestants differ, I should not think *that* a sufficient reason for dissolving the connexion, because every sensible man possesses a power of leading his wife, either by enlightening her understanding, or influencing her ten-

derness, by degrees into his way of thinking. But in a matter of conscience, the thing is very different; to influence her, or endeavour to do it, would alarm her, and subject her to perpetual distrust; she durst not yield even to him whom she had promised to obey; the higher her character rose as a woman, the less could she exhibit the peculiar virtues of a wife; if she seeks to convert her husband, she outrages the bond of silence which ought to subsist between them; if she submits to it, she dooms herself to severe pangs, since, according to her own creed, she tamely beholds the beloved being to whom she has devoted her life, and from whom she has received perhaps every proof of the tenderest affection, doomed to everlasting perdition."

"Such a state is indeed very dreadful. If a man is so intoxicated by his love as not to see *this* misery, he certainly ought to be told of it—it rarely appears to be inevitable."

"Yes, in such a case as *this*, a man ought

to be warned of his danger, lest he should condemn both himself and another to certain sorrow; a much less striking case would justify a friend in deterring a *woman* from a connexion not calculated for her happiness."

Louisa sighed.

"When a woman possesses from nature and education those lively sensibilities and settled principles which render the works of universal benevolence, and the exercises of superior taste, the business and amusement of her life—when tender compassion and ardent piety possess her heart, the elegant and ennobling enthusiasm of the poet or the painter employ her mind, and even the commonest duties of life are performed by her as a polished and refined being, as well as a humble and accountable one, surely it is incumbent upon her to blend her future fate only with one who can properly estimate, not only her general virtues, but their particular character, and who, partaking her emotions as well as her principles, can tread with her, and like her,

the path which Heaven has appointed both in sorrow and in joy."

"I suppose people who marry generally conclude they have done this; they form attachment for that which is congenial to their own nature, and unite themselves with those to whom their attachment is strongest.'

"Indeed, Louisa, they rarely do this, and that is the reason why there are many unhappy marriages, even where there is much general attachment. They fall in love with attractive persons, and showy qualities, and marry in consequence of this passion. After a short time, they are enabled to perceive the errors and dissimilarities in their partners, and then it is ten to one but they repent their choice, although they may perceive many things which they can really regard; wisdom teaches them to control their feelings, but it cannot force them to be happy. There are many defects in character, which, without amounting to absolute vices, yet disqualify a man from being the dear and esteemed husband

of a virtuous woman. For instance, could you, who, from your very cradle, have been brought up with the nicest sense of honesty, be happy with a man who was careless in money-matters — whose expenditure exceeded his income — who sometimes paid his creditors and sometimes let it alone—whose conduct kept you in doubt as to the purity of his principles, and the strength of his resolutions?"

"I could not be happy with a man who had it in his *power*, and yet neglected to be just, certainly; but of course I should make allowances for circumstances."

"Could you live in even tolerable comfort with a man, who, to gratify a whim, the selfish impulse of the moment, could commit an——"

Louisa rose hastily; she felt utterly unequal to continue the conversation; and sir Francis, in the distress and confusion of her looks, was himself overcome. He stopped as suddenly as she could have wished him; but in that very act proved to her that his conversation was indeed parti-

cular, not general. In the retirement of her own room, she endeavoured to weigh every word he had spoken, and consider how far his censures could possibly extend to that idol who sat enthroned on her heart, enveloped in a kind of splendor it appeared almost sacrilege to touch; she saw clearly that Donald's temper had appeared frequently imperious, and that circumstances had arisen which seemed to prove him ungrateful towards his uncle; but she imputed both these charges to an excess of sensibility, which, by placing the sorrows of his youth, in losing his parents and his aunt, in too strong a point of view, had rendered him a little misanthropical, in which humour he had been led to speak harshly of a relative with whose amiable manners he was unacquainted, and who had appeared to his jaundiced eye overbearing and tyrannical; every other shadow of fault in Donald was nothing more than the thoughtlessness of youth, and his virtues were such as to counterbalance a thousand trifles.

What those virtues were besides courage and independence, Louisa did not say, but she repeated these words to her heart a thousand times; and having by this means reconciled, as she believed, her judgment to her love, she almost wished that she had had the courage to hear her father's indirect accusation to the end; but as they met without renewing the conversation, she had not courage to say any thing which could lead to it; and so keenly did the father feel in every vein any pang it was possible for him to inflict on a daughter so beloved, that he did not revert to it in any direct manner; but the anxiety which clouded lady Mowbray's brow, and was evidently ever uppermost in her heart, naturally induced him to repeat frequently the necessity of care in the choice of connexions in marriage, and to remark the necessity of considering a parent's happiness.

As it was impossible to give them any consolation in this case, except in general observations on Henry's good disposition and excellent conduct hitherto, lady Sel-

thorpe sought rather to divert them from the subject than canvass it, especially as it was connected with others of great solicitude, since the progress of victory itself is the path of danger, and the most enterprizing among the brave are the most likely to become the victims which even glory demands in the field of war. A considerable delay of news had now taken place, and expectation was on tip-toe for various events.

Louisa felt that she had a double stake; she was convinced that Donald would distinguish himself; but she trembled for the hazards that he ran; and there were times when she bitterly reproached herself for not having answered his letter, and thus communicated a pleasure which might perhaps have cast a lustre round his dying moments; when these thoughts crossed her breast, she would weep bitterly, and experience all the pangs of self-reproach; but at others, when she beheld him distinguished and fortunate, she was aware that Donald had seen sufficient of her feelings

to encourage him, since her words had not done it, or he would not have ventured to write, and to remark that he had not entreated an answer, being, in fact, too uncertain of his destination at that time to give her any direct address. That she would hear from him by the next packet, she had no doubt, though she had no more reason to expect it now than with the last; but she had accustomed herself to believe this, from hearing the continual desires of her mother on this head; and there are many situations in life, when the spirits, sinking under a load of conjecture, find relief from fixing on any one point as the close of their exertion and suspense.

Such was the state of the family feeling when lady Selthorpe announced to them what they all appeared to have forgotten, that it was time to prepare for her ball on the following Thursday.

"Before Thursday," said each of the party internally, "we shall be relieved," and yet it was hardly probable that any one, except Louisa, should. She thought

this, and as it passed over her mind, a blush rose to her cheek, and she trembled at the prospect of gratifying her hopes. The letter she had already in her possession had been to her a most tormenting secret; she had fully determined, when another came, to lay it immediately before her mother; of course her father's investigation followed, and she felt that he was not favourable to her wishes. Was he then unkind?—had he ever been unmindful of her feelings? Oh no! Her mind was in a labyrinth, and thus occupied by the most momentous concerns, even the ball rarely dwelt upon her mind a moment. She was naturally gay; and though there were some things, in the shape of pleasures, she preferred to a dance, yet she would have enjoyed one very much, if her heart had been at all concerned in it; but she dared not hope at this time, that even her parents would have pleasure in beholding her partake the amusement; and for Louisa to be happy, some one she loved must be happy too. She recollected, however, that her

kind aunt would certainly be so, and she determined, if it were only for her sake, *she* would be happy, and exert herself to do honour to an entertainment designed to oblige her.

Lady Mowbray, delighted to see her endeavour to overcome the languor which so frequently subdued her, and comforting herself with the hopes included in the old adage, that "no news is good news," entered into lady Selthorpe's wishes, and became busy in preparing the dress and ornaments of her daughter, for an occasion which employed many other mothers and daughters in similar important preparations.

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